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JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES

ARE THE JAPANESE MONGOLIAN?

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

THE problem of the Japanese in California is soluble by diplomacy, that of the social equality of Asiatics is not. It will not down. Another "irrepressible conflict" is before us.

Whatever be the pathway to settlement, it is well to clear the situation of false notions inherited from ignorance.

To class the Japanese as "Mongolians" is absurd. With that obsolescent term, hostile traditions, mental associations, ethnic bigotry, and religious Pharisaism compel an instinctive, cuticular repulsion. Yet it is as unscientific to call the Japanese "Mongolians" as to say that Englishmen are Jutes or that Americans are Angles. Like all great peoples, the Japanese are composite in origin. Their reputed Mongolianism is but a possible incident of their partial and far-off ancestry. Their history, language, ethnology, physiology, religion, culture, tastes, habits, and psychology show that instead of being "Mongolians" they are the most un-Mongolian people in Asia. There is very little Chinese blood in the Japanese composite and no connection between the languages. Physically the two peoples are at many points astonishingly unlike. In the texture and atti-

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tude of their mind they are antipodal. The notion of a voluntary Chinese and Japanese political union, for example, an " anti-Caucasian " league is unthinkable.

In conceit, the twentieth-century Japanese are quite the equals of Anglo-Saxons and " white " men generally. In pride of descent, they excel even the Hebrews. Their fathers were gods and came down from Heaven. Their divine legend locates a Sinai on Japan's soil. In their hearts it is their deep purpose, as with the Semitic Orientals long dwelling among us, yet as a nation holding their own country, to be " second to none " on earth. They are reaching after social equality with Occidentals and they mean to make themselves worthy of it.

This is what their long story of achievement has been telling for a thousand years.

Such serious purpose is clear to him who studies the native literature and philosophy. Even more, it was sworn to by the late Emperor, Mutsuhito, who incarnated the nation, in his " charter oath," at Kyoto. The words were put into his mouth by " the fifty-five creators " of New Japan. It is recorded in definite language. Two centuries of interior intellectual preparation and rising national opinion were behind the makers of the new State in 1868. Perry did but lay the lines of diplomacy, and Harris, the greater treaty-maker, only touched the button to set machinery in motion—*which was already inside.* Marquis Ito's whole life since 1866 was one example out of many. It embodied the demand for the social equality of Japanese with Occidentals.

It was a day of awful, but to " the white man " unconscious, import when, in 1854, the American Commodore unpacked his cases of Yankee notions at Yokohama. Setting up a miniature railway and telegraph, with sewing-machines, books and dictionaries, howitzers, carbines, and full whiskey-barrels, he taught the Tycoon's men how to use them.

The Japanese leaders took hold at once, and at both ends —rejecting the whiskey. First of all, they reconstructed themselves. Laying off swords, abolishing hereditary pensions and privileges, sweeping away castles, daimios, and the feudal system, giving back the soil to the men who worked it, they first of all wrought economic revolution. In a thoroughly un-Mongolian way, they summoned from Western countries, between 1869 and 1900, *five thousand*

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experts to teach them science, engineering, finance, modern law, and economy. This army of reformers included twelve hundred American school-teachers. In their national free public schools, they transformed three hundred local loyalties into one—Japan, incarnated in the Mikado. They could have borrowed money for the new enterprises, so suddenly and imperatively demanded by a change in civilization, in London, at four per cent., had they allowed a European grip upon their customs houses. Scouting as treasonable any alien interference with the administrative entity of their empire, they paid cheerfully ten per cent. and kept themselves free. Liberty is not confined to " white " men. In this Japan set a wholesome precedent for all Asia.

Not one foreigner was given executive authority. The Japanese used their *Yatoi* (hired people) as advisers only. With a most un-Mongolian capacity for mental initiative, they accepted, rejected, or modified advice and models, while they learned and thought. Only these *Yatoi* of servant mind became master of the Japanese man, and turned his heart into wax for their stamping.

The Japanese are as human as we are, in that their conceit is as colossal. They seek absolute equality with the Yankee, the Briton, the German, and the Russian. It is true that they have not yet honestly faced science or applied critical truth to their own nursery legends. They still " officially " accept autochtonous fairy tales as history. Wise men, in a nation that has no written history antedating the sixth century, pompously talk about " twenty-five hundred years of unbroken record."

For, is it not enough to congeal the marrow of a Japanese gentleman to hint his descent from the " off-skin " Aryan-speaking Ainu? Yet he is so descended. The Japanese at base are a " white " race. The true original word Ainu (men) in the average islander's mouth becomes Aino (dog offspring): for the latter people, some twenty thousand survivors, belong to a conquered race. Yet the Ainu are as truly among the forebears of the Japanese as the Woden-worshiping Teutons are among our own distant ancestors. All history shows with what names conquerors stigmatize the conquered. Anglo-Saxon thralls had to wear the neck collars put upon them by the Normans.

Who are " the Japanese "? While in detail, there is still much to learn, the general answer is clear. The results of

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half a century of research give no doubtful reply. The testimonies of spade and pen, archæology, linguistics, ethnology, the mirror of literature, the photography of mind in speech, the voices and names of the unchanging mountains, rivers, and landmarks, the proofs of psychology, the acceptance and modifications of exotic religion and culture, and, last but not least, the behavior of the Japanese abroad, as contrasted with their Chinese "cousins," tell the same story and prove the one thesis. The composite Japanese, made up of four races, Aryan, Semitic, Malay, and Tartar, are non-Mongolian.

The accident of borrowing Chinese writing and models—the latter to be invariably and persistently de-Chinesed in modifications numberless—was a mere matter of environment or geography. Had the early Nipponese come into contact with any manifestly superior civilization, Assyrian, Egyptian, Roman, Greek, they would, as folk perenially eager for culture, have accepted it—to modify, as we have done, to transform, as they have, the models. The unchanging trait in a Japanese is to covet things better and ever to seek a more excellent way. He fears not to be inconsistent. He owns up when he sees himself wrong. In 1868 the whole nation made confession of faults, even to revolution. From Emperor to the newest generation, they are still on the stool of confession, ever praying for the new mind. "We Japanese," wrote "the brain of the Japanese army," the lamented General and Chief of Staff, Kodama, only a fortnight before his death, to the writer, "do not fear criticism, we welcome it most searchingly, provided it is just."

At the first presentation to them, the Japanese accepted an Aryan religion (Buddhism) and made it their own; later, in the age of the papal dogma that half the world (Japan included) was the private property of the King of Spain, "Christianity," in the garments of the Inquisition, entered Japan. Its simple truths were wrapped in metaphysics grown in southern Europe. It is easy to see why the Japanese, after their first taste of political "Christianity," rejected it, and banned "the accursed sect" for centuries; for, first of all the Japanese are patriotic. In our days, reconsidering their past experiences, they are giving generous welcome to "the Jesus religion" in every form.

Who were the primeval dwellers in the Nippon archipelago? Truer than the distorting traditions of later con-

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querors are the pre-ancient names of mountains and rivers. These and other landmarks show that most of the island chain was first inhabited by the Ainu. "The Mikado's realm was once an Ainu realm" is the latest deliverance of the scientific investigators of Japan. In geography, the mother tongue of the Japanese is Ainu. The revelations of names, given before writing came into Japan, are as clear as are the Algonquin gutturals and Iroquois vowels on our own soil, even should history and tradition be silent. Yet in Japan, as in America, documents do but confirm. The lifelong investigations of Dr. J. Batchelor, summed up in his grammar and dictionary, show that Ainu speech is Aryan. These "white men" have perfectly straight eyes, noses, and mouths as big and striking as our own, and the full beard and mustaches common to non-Mongolians. A thousand of these light-skinned Ainu males seen bathing are as "hairy," but no more so, than are as many United States infantrymen nude for a swim.

The Ainu call their Japanese conquerors "Siamese" and "people having a different eye socket." Despite Nippon nursery tales, and even the race hatred and prejudices of men who call Ainu "Aino," but are slow to apply critical science to their own history, the aboriginal people of Japan were of the white race, and their speech was Aryan. All Japanese history and literature show that the primitive Ainu from Satsuma to Yezo were not exterminated. They were early incorporated into the body of the Mikado's people.

The Japanese have all the characteristics, faults, and potencies of a young race, and thus again are very different from the timeless Mongolians. There was no Japanese nation until the eleventh or twelfth century of our era. Absolutely no written records prior to the sixth century exist. When the dawn of history breaks, we see along the southern shores settlements of (head) hunters from the great drift of humanity from the south, and fishermen, together with scattered tribesmen from the adjoining continental coasts. They are all living in the Stone Age. The invaders from "Ama" or "Heaven" (the central Asian plateau?) with weapons of iron, and superior arts and dogmas, come into the Yamato or Kyoto region. In time they begin the subjugation of the tribes and the unification of the entire archipelago. In official history and nursery orthodoxy, the "heavenly gods" subdued the "earth gods" and their descendants.

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The three fundamental documents of Japanese history were composed within the first sixty years of the eighth century, or within two generations after the introduction of writing. They are the *Kojiki* (Ancient Records) A.D. 712, the *Nihongi* (Chronicles of Japan) A.D. 720, and the *Manyoshiu* (Myriad Leaves) or poems. The first, or Book of Genesis, is pure Japanese in its cast of thought, range of ideas, diction, and flowing parlance. The *Nihongi,* or Deuteronomy, is set in a framework of Chinese notions, philosophy, and rhetoric, and is filled with balanced and antithetical sentences. The *Manyoshiu,* free from Chinese vocables and in pure Yamato speech, reflects the life of the time in poetry. These three books, in very slightly varied form, tell the same tale. A body of invaders from "Ama," or, in dogma, "Heaven," emigrate from their ancestral seats. They make landfall in the Satsuma region. After fighting their way northward, they settle in the Osaka-Kyoto districts. This ancient Mikado country Yamato, though looming as vast in the ancient poems as does Plymouth Rock in American rhetoric, included but a small portion of the main island. Its area was no greater than that of "the glory that was Greece." Without writing, letters, or the standard features of a religion, or a civilization, with family life only in its rudiments, no ancestor worship, and a clan chief styled Mikado, these Yamato people were agriculturists and art-loving. They brewed rice liquor, built bridges, wove fabrics, smelted iron, chanted poems and liturgies, and were almost fanatical in their cleanliness. East and north were the free Ainu. The mixed Indonesian tribes, called Kumishi, long-bearded, as are the Kiushiu and Loo-Choo men to-day, dwelt in the south and west. One of the earliest and most famous of the fathers of early Nippon was famous for his long beard. As yet, there was no more a Japanese nation than, in the same era (prior to A.D. 700), was there an English nation in Europe. These Yamato men were the Normans of Japan, who welded the diverse tribes of the archipelago into one whole.

Whether the supposed intellectual "superiority of the Japanese to all Asiatic peoples" arises, wholly or chiefly, from the predominance of the Aryan strain, is not here argued.

The vocabulary of the ancient speech, best seen in the poems, is very simple and limited. Even to-day, the bulk

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of the pure vernacular is astonishingly small. The vast mass of modern "Japanese," written and spoken, is of Chinese origin, excelling in comparative richness even the Latin, Greek, and foreign elements in our own tongue. Overpowering is the copiousness of Chinese writing, that makes its chief appeal to the eye, not to the ear. No professor of to-day in the University of Tokio, if he attempt to teach, lecture, or talk, using the concepts of modern science, can make use of pure Japanese. Surprisingly like Hebrew are the tri-literal roots of this pure old speech, still so idolized, while the immigrations of Semitic peoples into the Japanese islands are matters of historic record.

In the Journal of the Indo-Japanese Association and in the periodical *Michi* (the Path), Mr. Kinza Hirai showed that hundreds of roots in Japanese and the Sanskrit and Aryan languages are one and the same, while the likeness in the vocabulary of these Far Eastern and the Central Asian languages is amazing. From ethnological and mythological, as well as historical grounds, he argues that "our [Japanese] ancestors descended from the same heaven, from which our Indian and Persian cousins came." On this subject of the similarity of the myths, a fascinating volume could be composed.

Neither Korea nor China is known to the earliest records of the primitive islanders, nor is any Mongolian influence traceable. Oared boats are common, but sailing craft with keels were unknown, even in China, till the ninth century.

Suppose some other than Chinese civilization and some other religion than Buddhism—Hittite, Hebrew, Roman, Greek, had come to these insulars! Happily, between the sixth and twelfth centuries, China, of the glorious age of the Tang and Sung dynasties, was the most civilized country on the globe. There was nothing in contemporary Europe to compare with the Central Empire. Her political systems were noble, her literature superb. How vast is the debt of medieval Europe to China! Cathay invented, Europe borrowed, developed, and applied. Herein is the abysmal difference between the Chinese and Japanese, yes, between the sons of Han and ourselves. The Chinese invented what they have. We did not, nor did the Japanese. The Chinese have had but one culture. It is indigenous. They have held to it and have only recently, under pressure from

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all sides and within, begun to change. It is no wonder that they have seemed, thus far, incurious and insensitive. The Japanese, like ourselves, inventing little until modern times, adopt and adapt new things, and even become adepts. Always, when opportunity offered, they took the novelties and were soon at home with them. The Japanese mind, thoroughly un-Mongolian, works in other grooves than those smoothed by the Chinese.

This, then, was what these Yamato men did. Having imported something better than what they already had, they adopted "civilization." They took from China a manifestly superior pattern for their civil government, with costume and documents. Then, like China, they formed a military system. China and Chinese were as Rome and the Latin language to Europe before the rise of the modern nationalities. In A.D. 645 was their great revolution at court, when they adapted things Chinese. They became "expansionists." During four hundred years, from the eighth to the twelfth century, weapons were shortened and boundaries lengthened. Then the Ainu in the north and the Indonesians in the south, after much fighting, and many uprisings sternly repressed, were brought under the rule of the Kyoto bureaucracy, by A.D. 1159.

Long before this, the dogmas of imperialism had been forged. The Mikado was made a Grand Lama, invisible, infallible, divine. Intermarriage was the rule between these Norman-like conquerors with the conquered, who were ruled by the sword. The primitive, simple God-way, like all things official, or ancient and posthumous, in Japan, received a Chinese name and became Shinto. It was made also a terrible political engine, like the medieval Church in Europe, with its ritual in an awesome dead language, with prisons, and with Inquisitions. Aborigines and rebels were dubbed "earth spiders." At best they were but offspring of the terrestrial gods. The elect conquerors were favorites of the Heavenly deities. The Ainu, who fled beyond reach into Yezo and remained unamalgamated, were Aino—mere "dogs." In time, by the soldier's sword, the hammer of civil magistracy, intermarriage, and Buddhist missionary work, there was created, by the twelfth century, certainly not before, a Japanese nation.

From one point of view, the entrance of Chinese or Mongolian civilization into Japan was a calamity. For polit-

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ically " it neither consolidated the State nor affirmed the throne, while it arrested the progress of the language, petrified literary forms, and enchained the intellect to an alien past."

Nevertheless the true genius of " Japan "—Ainu, Yamato, Indonesian in conglomerate—has ever asserted itself. Japan's modern renascence, since 1868, is in harmony with all her precedents. Far greater than any external forces, since Perry and Harris, have been the outworking of intellectual energies—begun over centuries ago. In 1913, as compared, for example, with 1885, we can see that the old culture of Japan has conquered. Is this mere theory? Let us question the ancient writings.

All scholars agree that the gems of Japanese pure literature (apart from mere erudition or scholasticism) which show originality, beauty, native force, and compelling charm are in the *Manyoshiu*, which is destitute of Chinese influence. These poems and lays, but especially the *Monogatari* (things-telling, *i.e.*, romances) which were written by women, have never been equaled, certainly not excelled in Japan. They all antedate the twelfth century. As everywhere and in all ages, the normal woman in Japan is a conservative. On her tongue lives the old sweet language. The splendid Takétori, the Isé, the Genji, the Utsubo, and other *Monogatari* are unmatched. Mr. F. V. Dickins, their translator, insists that " the modern literature of Japan, as such, is nearly worthless. Not a line of power or beauty, it is scarcely too much to say, has been penned since the last *Monogatari* were written. Quite other is the case with Old Japanese within its own limits. Those limits are set *by its comparatively scanty vocabulary.*"[1] Imported Mongolianism swamped Japanese originality and paralyzed thought at its beginning. Nor is the warning in vain against the " rapidly progressing Sinicization of the [very ancient] Japanese [or un-Mongolian] tongue. It is becoming more and more incapable of rendering, so as to be fully understood by a Japanese not already acquainted with some Western language, a single sentence not narrative or descriptive, of the literature properly so called, of the Occident."

An analogy may be found even for the nineteenth-century Japanese who had the task set before them of modernizing

[1] The italics are ours.

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their country in one generation. Vital necessity—even the preservation of national existence, or, at least, unity—compelled them to adopt quickly the forces of Western civilization. What was their best literary vehicle? They may be pardoned, then, for availing themselves of the nearly infinite resources of the Chinese logograms or ideographs, which, besides being long in familiar use, are every whit as useful for writing English or German as for Japanese, because they represent not sounds, but things. Just as we supply "the hooks and eyes" of English speech to hold together our Latin and Greek vocabulary, so the Japanese add conjunctions and prepositions to lace into shape their Chinese stays. China's script is copious and flexible enough to supply every demand of modern science.

Nevertheless the Japanese are debauching themselves. Eminent men, indignant and alarmed at this steady Mongolization of their native tongue, are clamoring for reform and besieging the Department of Education in Tokio. The weight of the names on the formal petition of October, 1906 (a revival of the movement of 1871), must compel attention to the claim that the native language should be de-Mongolized and developed according to its own genius. The un-Mongolian Japanese will do well to cast off the incubus of Chinese script and use Romaji (Roman letters). When it is a case of twenty-six phonetic signs as against eighty thousand ideographs, only tradition and usage can present arguments to the reason against innovation.

In the working of their minds, in the domain of philosophy and religion, the Japanese are notably un-Mongolian. Unlike the Chinese, but like the Greeks, who, in the crucible of their brains, transfused the simple, spiritual ethics of Jesus into an elaborate theology; and the Latins, who turned it into an ecclesiastical discipline; the composite islanders transformed their imported Buddhism as well as their exotic politics and social ideals. The Mongolized Aryan faith suffered more than a sea change. With a power of adaptation that is very near creative originality, the Japanese developed new systems. These, Shaka Muni, the Buddha, would no more recognize than would Jesus the dogma, ritual, and ecclesiastical politics named after him. Kobo, in the eighth century, was quite as clever as Philo, Euhemerus, or Anselm, in knowing how to breed away thorns from the cactus. The successors of Kobo, this man

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of Shakespearian intellect, evolved fresh wonders from old religions—especially when more priestly power was to be won and revenue increased.

Out of suggestions from China and India, the Japanese created a most un-Mongolian world of beauty and taste, expressed in an art which makes a universal appeal. In statecraft, they laid under the Mikado's throne foundations totally different from the bases set up either in the Nan (Southern) or Pé (Northern) *king,* or Chinese capital. Instead of setting apart, in castes, as in China, the soldier and the civilian, the Japanese united in one the warrior and the gentleman. With sword and pen, Bushido and learning, that typical native product of Japan was produced —the Samurai, unmatched in all Asia. This most un-Mongolian type of man cultivates a patriotism that is seismic in its energies. This indigenous flower of Japanese manhood is bathed in the dews, and steeped in the virtues of truth, loyalty, and sacrifice. His is the spirit which breathes renunciation of all things for the nation and its incarnation, the Emperor. By training (from 1868 to 1904) a new generation, that is, all the people, in the samurai's code—made possible by a national free public-school system—and by virtually conferring the patent of nobility upon commoners, through service in the army, Japan was able easily to humble mighty Russia.

The un-Mongolian spirit of the Japanese is seen in their refusing to accept blindly either Confucianism or "Christianity" in its traditional form or logical consequences. Wherever in the Chinese Empire the sage sways his scepter, filial piety is the corner-stone of society and "the five relations" form the foundation. But, for better or worse, the ultra un-Mongolian Japanese rejected the Chinese theory and practice. In the feudal world the baron was, in the new Empire the Emperor is, the center of all loyalty. Mikado and country are more than kith or kin. All family ties snap at the Emperor's call. Note that China has had thirty-six dynasties, Japan but one.

In a word, the Japanese in mind, body, speech, thought, ways, institutions, mental initiative, in the past and present, and in their methods of life in foreign countries are radically un-Mongolian. Occidentals, still under the spell of traditions as old as the Crusades, wonder whether the "new" civilization of Dai Nippon will endure. From the

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viewpoint of history, the modern Japanese have done nothing new or strange. They are true to their record. Foreigners, judging these Orientals—a word that has lost its old meaning—out of their own prejudices, are apt to see only what is phenomenal, since Perry's time. Ignorant of the centuries of mind preparation, that welcomed science when it came, they may well be amazed and suspicious.

Religionists who expect to win these un-Mongolian islanders to traditional Christianity, whether of the Greek, Roman, or Reformed order, are doomed to disappointment. Yet the missionaries are building better than they know. These people are so much like ourselves, that they already put difference between what Jesus taught and that which the sects and establishments bring them. Every theology or philosophy yet acclimated in Japan has been compelled to "wear a Japanese kimono." In this age of science and critical history, the Japanese, while rapidly becoming followers of Jesus, discard Latin and Greek traditions as non-vital. They care more for "the Jesus religion," as they call it, than for traditional "Christianity." The medieval shapes and patterns of European dogma are rejected. They are thinking out and setting in their own molds of mind the message of the Nazarene. They will be greatly modified by Occidental influences, but the Orient will transform the Occident with equal power and mutual benefit, until these terms drop from our speech and thought.

If we must allow labor unions and purely local economic considerations to dictate our national policy, violate our treaties, jeopard our good name and the peace of nations, let us at least never yield to ignorance and uncritical tradition.

The Japanese are not "Mongolian." They justly refuse to be classed as such. It is the disgrace of the United States that the Japanese cannot as yet obtain citizenship. They are as likely as any other stock, when naturalized, to become in time as patriotic as most other peoples among us more or less assimilated. This is true, largely because real Christianity is certain in time to transform as much American as any other human nature that masks its brutishness, injustice, and hypocrisy under high-sounding names. In treaty-keeping, the Japanese have already proved themselves the "whiter" of the two parties. In the end, both

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deserving and winning success, they will gain social as they have already won political equality with Occidentals, and the world will be the better for it.

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

THE JAPANESE OVERLOAD

BY DON C. SEITZ

IT is still a long way across the Pacific. The alarmist who sees a menace to the American continent from the Asiatic shores either has a delirious imagination or is indifferent to distances and economics. Measured by the northern route that shapes its way past latitude 52°, or just beyond the limit of the laws of God or man, the shortest time of transit is fourteen days to Yokohama, the nearest port in Japan. The voyage *via* Hawaii, along the wide belt of the world, takes sixteen days. This is by steamers that a decade ago would have been counted fast upon the Atlantic: they are even now too rapid to be profitable except for Government subsidies or mail contracts. That is, by existing means it is three times as far in hours from San Francisco to Tokio as from New York to London. Despite its nearness to Land's End, there have been no tremors in the watch-towers along the Atlantic coast such as develop shivers from San Diego to Seattle. Yet eastern America has been twice invaded from Britain, and an English army burned the capitol at Washington less than one hundred years ago! But, says the alarmist, this was in the slow days of sail, and the Orient is trebly nearer than England was a century ago.

Modern improvements have not been to the advantage of hostile forces. If forces can be moved quickly, they can be intercepted with equal celerity, while coal is the monarch of the main. Without it the swiftest ship is no better than a floating log. There is, too, a certainty of pursuit that could not exist when the impish wind alone controlled the destinies of war beyond the sea. It is hardly necessary to argue, but the premise is laid down to meet the uneasy rumors that now and again breed stories of inimical intent on the part of the Island Empire of Japan, our nearest neighbor across the Pacific sea. Common sense has pretty

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well disposed of war cries. But no harm can come from reciting a few realities concerning our friends of Nippon.

Besides, to quote Count Okuma, the Japanese have a proverb that a lie oft told will make itself come true. To say that people are hostile is to make them so. To say that they plan war is to breed war plans. It may be said plainly and at the beginning that if there is ever trouble between the United States and Japan, it will begin here. With this thought in mind there is something painful about the childlike faith and grateful good-will manifested toward the American visitor by the people of Japan, in perpetual acknowledgment of their debt to the United States. This is no shallow sentiment, but a deep feeling bred of the belief that but for Commodore Perry and Townsend Harris, our first Minister to Japan, that country would have dwelt in her medieval helplessness until too late, and that to-day the Cossacks would be cracking their whips under the cherry-trees of Kyoto, as they do beneath the mulberries in Bokhara and Samarkand, and amid the rose-leaves in Ispahan!

The pride of accomplishment has not yet abolished gratitude. In view of the occasional American manifestations of distrust, it is astonishing that it should prevail so strongly. There are no prouder people in the world than those of Japan. It is a certain test of the permanency of their sense of obligation which stands patiently unwarranted attacks upon their honor, a people whom Russia was unable to push away from the Asiatic shore when once they chose to rest foot upon it.

The psychology of race hatred shows one thing with clearness. People do not hate other races because they are inferior, but because of a doubt of their own superiority. No Southern aristocrat ever "hated" a negro, but the poor white did and does simply because of the doubt in his mind concerning his own social position. If he were sure of his superiority he would not think about inferiors at all!

The working Chinese have been excluded for a quarter of a century, but they smuggle in at considerable expense, corrupting our border customs-houses north and south. They are a respected industrial element in California, Oregon, and Washington, where popular disfavor turned against the Japanese as their numbers grew. San Francisco found Chinatown so great a business element after the fire that

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it coaxed the six companies and their companions back to their old district after exiling them to the sand-lots. The Chinaman made at no time any pretense of social equality on the Slope. He was content as a miner to wash tailings and as an industrial factor to do housework and labor in the fields.

The Japanese had no such sense of meekness. Coming as laborers, they took kindly to store-keeping and aroused the smaller merchants. They "put on airs." Now nothing hurts the feelings of an American community so much as putting on airs. The practice was sternly rebuked, mainly by Americans of foreign birth, like the leader of the San Francisco school agitation. But the mayor of San Francisco, though burdened with a "graft" indictment and morally discredited, was able to force the exclusion of the Japanese! Now the Pacific coast starves for labor.

San Francisco has lost seventy per cent. of her industries since the fire and the finest harbor on the Pacific is empty of ships. The Pacific Ocean, whose "control" worries some statesmen so much, is a waste of water, and the trade of the East comes west by Suez in English or German bottoms. It is a safe prediction that so far as Eastern commerce is concerned the Pacific coast will be worse off when the Panama Canal is open than now, for Kobé, Yokohama, Shanghai, and Hong Kong will come direct to New York, the great, the hospitable free city that has no hatreds and no foes! San Francisco will be lucky to get direct monthly sailings from Far-Eastern ports. Raw silk, the chief item of import, all comes to New York now with a long and costly journey by rail. It will not tranship. As for exports, the ships sail out of the Golden Gate empty to the East!

The provocatives for trouble come steadily from the West. The East is scientific in its retaliation. China knew the merits of the boycott centuries before the Irish landlord gave the practice his name, and Japan, though primarily non-commercial, is influenced by the habits of its huge neighbor. Hence such revenges as come are apt to be commercial.

The trouble zone lies in the East. Here in the limitless areas of the West we cannot understand the population pressure of the East. Marquis Komura believed there were nearer 400,000,000 than 300,000,000 Chinese. In all, Japan has a full 70,000,000 under her flag. The little island of Java has 32,000,000, doubled in thirty years. Yet during that

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time tropical Australia grew but 1,600. Five hundred million Easterners are packed on 3,800,000 square miles, while the 3,000,000 square miles of " white man's " Australia harbor but 4,000,000 inhabitants. If East is East, then the time will come when its population will overflow all lines except those of climate and make its way where it will. White supremacy exercised restrictively within yellow limits must either give way sensibly or some day be overwhelmed by the mighty host brimming upon the borders.

Apart from traditional good-will and real gratitude and her distance from striking-points, there are other reasons why Japan has no will for war. But fifty years away from feudalism, she has not had time to remake her citizens. She had made herself leaders, though these are few indeed, and all of them except the Emperor " made " in Germany, England, France, or the United States. Germany made her soldiers, France her engineers, England her merchants, and America her statesmen. Unlike the stupid Manchus, who are now paying the price of their dullness, the young men sent abroad from Japan were put to prompt use on their return. The educated Chinamen were wasted until now, as secretaries, interpreters, or attendants upon officials who deliberately smothered the results of their training. So China, the greatest of nations, with the most industrious of people, lumbers along trying to catch up with destiny.

It is to be doubted if any movement since the American Revolution had so few in number to see it through as the modernizing of Japan, which as yet is modernized only at the edges. Small wonder that the leaders sometimes sigh at their tasks when they measure their load. They have a local population above 50,000,000, with a high birth-rate to support, on a group of volcanic islands so mountainous that but 14.37 per cent. is available for cultivation. The food staples are rice, fish, sea-weeds, and the coarse vegetables, such as radishes, sweet-potatoes, and the roots of the lotus and taro plants. Meat is little used. There is small space for the greedy cow that in America requires the output of an acre for its support. An acre feeds two families in Japan. Condensed milk, from Canada mainly, is coming much into use. Even hens are scarce, though the Chinese send in millions of eggs. Goats and sheep might thrive on the hills, but the flavor of mutton is offensive to the Japanese taste.

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There is but little coal, oil, or iron in the empire. There is timber in the north where it is cold, in the aboriginal Ainu country, where the Japanese do not like to live. The southern half of the island of Saghalien, the poor prize from Russia of the Portsmouth Peace, is even colder, near to the arctic circle, and swept by the Siberian winds. It is no place for the temperate-loving people. Formosa, the morsel that followed the Chinese truce when the powers took away the Manchurian Peninsula, and Port Arthur, that had to be so dearly bought again, is as disagreeably tropic as Saghalien is arctic and equally hateful to its owners. The Japanese simply will not go to Formosa, where 3,000,000 Chinese, protected from the head-hunters of the hills, wax fat at the expense of their guardians. An army is always alertly moving to combat the wild and warlike tribes in the Formosan mountains. The casualties read like our own early reports from the Philippines. It is a record of massacre and surprise, and it has been going on for seventeen years!

In fertile Manchuria the story is the same. If the climate is less irksome than in the new possessions north and south, the industrial competition with the Chinese makes life too onerous for the Japanese to be attractive. The Chinese farmers are indefatigable and they know how to work. The fields of millet and soy bean, the greatest source of agricultural wealth, are marvelous. But they are beyond the strength of the Japanese immigrant, who leans mainly on the Government for support or tries shop-keeping. The Chinaman can outwork any Japanese, and cares nothing for the luxury of idleness, so dear to the latter, who prefers to gratify his taste rather than his pocket. The village toothpick-cutter splits his tiny splints with micrometrical accuracy, but regulates his output with equal exactness, so that he shall not have one more than may be required to provide for the next day's need in rice and pickles.

Japan is a land without a surplus of anything except raw silk and brains! This last excess is more of an embarrassment than a benefit in the common run of things, for the colleges are overcrowded, and outside of Government employment there is little for the graduates to do. The hunger for learning is really an affliction in the land when the graduates find there is no bread to be had with brains alone! In some respects the community benefits by its simplicity. Probably there is not a cross-roads town in America

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that is without a lawyer. Few country communities in the United States of 2,500 inhabitants have less than five gentlemen of the law, with from three to five doctors. The lawyers and doctors of the average Maine village cost as much as the tax budget. Japanese villages have no lawyers and few doctors. The barber is the most prominent professional man. He is an accomplished artist.

There are little more than one thousand names in Japan's *Who's Who,* and barely 700,000 individuals out of the 50,000,000 or more, work in factories. Cotton-spinning is the single industry of importance outside of pottery, and its raw material must be imported. The silkworm is the real savior of Japan, though a little advantage accrues in trading choice rice and tea for inferior brands to be consumed at home.

In America we clamor over the " regulation " of wealth. Japan is desperately trying to create it. Devoid of natural resources, facing famine unless the fields give up three crops a year, the economic problem is further increased by the Government monopolizing of the great utilities that create wealth and invite capital in Western lands. The railroads, which are responsible for the largest American fortunes, are in Government hands, purchased, it may be said, to secure a higher measure of credit in time of war. The telephone, the telegraph, and cable are annexes to the post-office. Tobacco, salt, and camphor are Government monopolies. The last is the single staple of Formosa. In private hands it would be a fine industry. The Government net return for the last fiscal year was but $5,000! The economic effect of the monopolizing of salt has been an increase of 250 per cent. in the cost of that staple to the consumer. The net profit of all the Government monopolies outside of transportation above cost of operation was but $31,045,000, or less than fifty cents per inhabitant. The expenses were $19,500,000. The profits from the railways, telegraphs, and telephones run about $25,000,000 a year. The profits of the transportation system, if divided, would give fifty cents a year to each inhabitant of Nippon. Not content with these handicaps, the Government is now imposing a heavy protective tariff in place of the easy ten per cent. for revenue that formerly prevailed. The motive for this, like most things Eastern, is just the opposite of our own. We " protest " against the " cheap " foreign labor. As labor in Japan is from ten to

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twenty times cheaper than our own in ordinary occupations, the effort is to keep the native from impoverishing himself by buying foreign articles at the enormous wage disadvantage entailed in such purchases. Moreover, the act is so clumsily framed as to afflict the importers of raw materials and so adds to the general economic confusion. The cost of living has doubled since 1894, when the Chinese conflict came, and the Russian war taxes still prevail, though it is seven years since the war. It was promised that if the people would bear the taxes for five years, the Government would establish a sinking-fund which would take care of the debt and, at the end of the time, restore old tax rates. Two cabinets managed to get $129,000 into the fund to meet a hundred millions of debts—and gave the task up to a third, which in turn fell in less than half a year! The debt itself, according to the latest attainable figures, was $1,277,714,636! Each year $75,000,000 must depart from Japan to meet interest and trade balances. The most extravagant estimate of the total wealth of Japan puts it at about $13,000,000,000.

Tokio has established a stock-exchange on the American plan with the customary accompaniment of troubles. Promotions flatten out there as here with resulting ruin, but without the recuperating power behind business that fortunately prevails with us; and more than one Japanese corporation wrecked itself by paying dividends out of capital, the founding of a company seeming to exhaust the capability of the promoters. None of the steamship companies trading to other lands could survive but for the Government subsidies which come out of the heavy taxes and bring no return to the country at large. Rather these enterprises are pointed to as sources of peril to other nations with resulting reprisals, leading to more war-ships everywhere to " equalize " a situation that can never be kept equal.

Foreigners are not allowed to hold stock in subsidized concerns, in a feeble effort to keep the circle whole. The Government and the Imperial household are expected to be behind practically every scheme suggested for commercial enterprise. The wealth of the Emperor's family is reckoned at $250,000,000, much of it in lands and palaces, but it prevails in banking, steamship, and manufacturing lines. With so much paternalism Japan is in a difficult position to produce the ideal state for which so many American " progressives " are clamoring. Officialdom staggers under its

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load. Furthermore, the needs of national defense, dwelling, as the country does always in the midst of alarms, consumes all of its cash and embarrasses its credit. The railroads are pawns, not enterprises. The narrow gauge is a commercial disadvantage, but there is no money to make the change. Railroad-extending is at a standstill for lack of funds, and private enterprise cannot come into the field. It takes months to procure the installation of a telephone. In New York the telephone corporation increases its service at the rate of two hundred instruments a day!

It is a fact as old as world history that unless the individual can accumulate wealth enterprise comes to a standstill. The diffusion of profits, however great, through Government ownership, if fortunately there are any, leaves no increment anywhere sufficiently robust to justify further exertion or expenditure. Fifty million dollars so distributed in Japan means two yen a head! Fifty million dollars accruing to individual enterprise fathers more enterprise and makes prosperity feasible.

Money is the most efficient factor in human affairs. The dollar gives a 100-per-cent. return and can be employed at from three to six cents per year in America. Labor efficiency varies so that manufacturers add from 125 to 150 per cent. to estimates on the labor. But the dollar always contains 100 cents of value. The effect of the Social State is to increase the inefficiency of labor and to render inutile the energy of money.

The Government breeds horses, cattle, and poultry in an effort to stimulate a needed production. It has established a steel-works at huge expense to free itself from foreign thraldom.

It is fair to say that the Japanese Government is weary of its overload. It is telling the people they must begin to look out for themselves in business enterprises. But handicapped by its weight of war, it can neither do more nor withdraw. To accuse a people so handicapped of desire for world conquest is cruel. To tax another people into vast preparations to meet the chimera thus created is criminal. The tools of war, even, cannot be had cheaply in Japan. It must bring its metals from abroad, buy largely in the high markets of the West and pay for $3.50-a-day-made weapons with twenty-cent earnings at home!

In Formosa, Manchuria, and Korea, Japan has taken in

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hand the fortunes of 20,000,000 people other than her own. These aliens are out of sympathy and interest with their guardians. The crafty Chinese profit at the expense of their wardens. The dull Koreans hate and resist. Japan has set about reconstructing and amalgamating these reluctant races and making them part of her own. Overshadowing all hangs China, vast, inscrutable, rich in resources, strong in body and mind, menacing. It is a task gigantic, appalling. It merits sympathy and admiration. Beyond all, the nation must pay its debts, improve its commerce, and defend its life. How can it be accomplished? Well, they who have gone far can usually go farther. It is well to remember, too, that the Three Wise Men came "out of the East."

DON C. SEITZ.

THE LEGACY OF COMMODORE PERRY

BY GENERAL HOMER LEA

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, the heritage of nations is the legacy of individuals; hence it is that we say such-and-such men are the benefactors of their race. Great men can produce great nations, but great nations do not necessarily produce great men; hence it is that the most insignificant of tribes have given to the world the greatest men, and the greatest of nations have gone down because of the lack of these individuals.

When the heritage of a nation is the legacy of an individual, that inheritance has invariably a twofold potentiality. It is like the Temple of Janus, beneficent and terrible. The legacy of Columbus was a world; the legacy of Louis XVI., the French Revolution; the legacy of Confucius, universal tolerance; the legacy of Saint Augustine, universal inquisition; the legacy of Washington, this Republic; the legacy of Commodore Perry, Japan.

That there should have been erected by the Japanese on a promontory overlooking Yeddo Bay a monument to the memory of Commodore Perry is not other than an expression of their gratitude to a man who, unbeknownst to himself, left to that poor relation of mankind an inheritance greater than Alexander left to his generals or Cæsar to the Roman Empire—the heritage of the Pacific.

This sea alone constitutes more than one-third the entire

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surface of the globe, while upon its shores are to be found two-thirds of the human race and three-fourths of the undeveloped wealth of the world. The peculiar value to Japan in possessing this ocean is in its capacity to dominate it. The geographical position of Japan is in the strategic center of this half of the world. The development of mechanical means in communication and transportation gives to Japan an ability to traverse and to communicate with the most remote places in this vast region with greater ease and rapidity than a century ago it took to maintain communication between London and Edinburgh or between Washington and Boston.

The other heir to this inheritance is the United States. But the value of the Pacific to this Republic does not belong to the immediate present; hence it is that this nation overlooks its true worth. The necessity of America's possessing the Pacific rests in political conditions that are just now beginning to make themselves manifest: (1) the elimination of time and space by mechanical invention which reduces the entire surface of the world to a small and compact area; (2) in exact proportion as this area is reduced nations are crowded together, and as nations are crowded together there must go on a continual elimination of the lesser States. The progression of warfare, starting from the combat of the individual, has gone on in constant progression toward the combat of larger units; hence, as at one time it was the individual, then the family, then a collection of families, then tribes, then a collection of tribes, that constituted the nuclei of combat, so it has developed through varying degrees of petty States until it has now reached what we might call a combat of composite States. Prior to the Napoleonic wars the whole of Europe was divided into many hundreds of petty kingdoms. Out of their amalgamation has come the German Empire, the Italian Kingdom, Austria, and Russia. We are now about to pass to the final stage of combat, that of races.

The elimination of smaller political entities will continue with the same unvarying certitude. In this elimination of nationalities and their amalgamation with the more powerful nations is alone to be found the diminution of war, since every independent state is an embryo of combat. The failure to realize this fact causes those strange theorists—arbitrationists—to see in the growing infrequency of war an in-

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creasing morality of mankind, whereas this diminution has come about through perfectly natural causes. As you decrease the number of independent states you decrease the probabilities of war; and, as the elimination and absorption of a state is only through conflict, we can truly say that by war alone will war be eliminated.

Each year decreases the width of both the Atlantic and the Pacific. Each year decreases the power of minor states and augments that of the greater nations, so that the time is not far distant when we can give expression to this law: that whenever the political and military power of Europe passes under the control of a single race, and that race controls the Atlantic, the sovereignty of the Western Hemisphere passes over to it. Should the militancy of Germany continue to expand, and the militant deterioration of America go on to the degree that is now existent, the suzerainty of this Republic over the Western Hemisphere will in due time be lost.

Should Asia pass, in a military and political sense, under the suzerainty of a single power, and that power should control the Pacific, American suzerainty over the western part of the Western Hemisphere must pass to the Asiatic. On the other hand, if this Republic would, under these circumstances, maintain military supremacy over the Pacific as against Asian powers, it could extend its suzerainty to those shores and give to the people dwelling there those principles it deems so beneficial to mankind.

Whatever nation secures the dominion of the Pacific and maintains it has reached the sphere and possibility of world-empire. No nation that does not first possess this sovereignty can aspire to the hope of that greatness; and unless the Republic secures that dominion now, it is lost to it forever. While that loss may not be appreciated by this generation, there will come generations who will look back upon those now living with the same contempt as races of men have regarded the folly of Esau, who sold his heritage for a mess of pottage.

To Japan, however, this heritage has to do with the present to as vital a degree as it can possibly affect it in the future. The interests of these two nations are acutely convergent, and it is only in the degree of speed by which they are moving along their respective lines to that point of contact which is war, that we discover a difference. In

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the United States there is little or no propulsion, for so absolutely does the present crowd aside future considerations in the affairs of the nation, that it can be said that while the movement of Japan in the Pacific is predetermined, definite, and irrevocable, that of the United States is hardly more than an uncertain drifting upon the indolent currents of this vast sea, where destiny has cast them.

The position of Japan in the Pacific has its historical counterparts. In their careers and in their destiny is to be found the career and destiny of this old yet new nation. Japan is to the Pacific what ancient Tyre was to the Mediterranean. What England is in the Atlantic, Japan must be in the Pacific, or, as other insular kingdoms, be destroyed by those continental powers whose seas it does not control and whose ports it fails to command.

While the inheritance of the Pacific is as vital to this Republic as to Japan, its value, being of the future, loses its significance through the natural improvidence of the Republic. Yet it will be only after the passage of a few years that the pressure of the Pacific will rest as heavily upon this neglectful nation as it does to-day upon Japan.

The destiny of states, their welfare, and plans made for their greatness alone concern the future. It is not the statesman, but the politician who agitates himself over the present; and it is not even the politician, but the quackery of him that keeps the nation seething in domestic legislation, in the mockeries of reform, and in the mad lie of politics, diverting it from true greatness and wrecking it in the midst of its vain contentment. The politician is one of the curses God did not lay upon Eygpt. He reserved this for America.

National greatness is alone determinable by the provisions for the future. While the erection of a building can only succeed the completion of its foundation, these must be preceded by the perception of the completed edifice. So it is in the building of nations; aspirations and plans belong to the future, and must precede the creation of all national greatness, even to the laying of its foundations.

Had the Mississippi Valley remained French, Texas and the Pacific coast Spanish, Hawaii independent, Alaska Russian, or this nation divided into two Republics, the greatness that now belongs to it would have been no more than those day-dreams of great men that halt momentarily upon this earth and pass on into oblivion.

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The Pacific bears to this Republic the same relationship as did the acquisition of those great territories that now constitute its domains. At the time when they were secured there existed no need for them, and their acquirement alone concerned the future. There is a resemblance between the sovereignty of these continental possessions and the future sovereignty of the Pacific.

The possession of these territories made possible the greatness of this Republic. The possession of the Pacific makes possible its survival.

In so far as the ultimate future of Japan and the United States is concerned, their claims to the inheritance of the Pacific rest not alone on lines of national progress, but survival. That this identic character should not be apparent is due to the indeterminate character of this Republic's future needs and the decisiveness of Japan's present necessity.

On the one hand, we have this nation, whose sovereignty is unconcernedly extended over one-fourth of the world; on the other hand, an Empire with a population more than half that of this Republic, restricted to one two-hundred-and-fiftieth part of the earth's surface. In one nation we find opulence, in the other poverty; in one the old vanity of possessions, in the other the old craft of hunger. This nation has arrogance without arms, Japan both arms and contempt. Here are shop-keepers; there are soldiers. In Japan only the Emperor stands between a soldier and God. In America precedence begins the other way: between a soldier and hell only some Bunker Hills intervene, and a few bridges of Concord to save him from utter damnation.

It has long been known that armies are divisible into three psychological elements: one-third is naturally brave, one-third is cowardly, and the other third indeterminate. The problem, therefore, in an army is to bring the indecisive third into the ranks of the brave. This is the purport of discipline. If by giving over the army to those who are valorous, and if by the exercise of military training they bring over the indeterminate third to the ranks of the brave, then an actual army has been created. These two-thirds carry along the cowardly third by compulsion. With the final third there is no hope. God has already abandoned them. And it is folly for man to bolster them up with false shoulders and mustaches.

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This same law applies, in time of peace, to the peoples of all nations; to this nation and to Japan. But due to the difference in the ethical ideals of these two States, the same artificial distinction results as would be the case between two armies in one of which the warlike third held sway and the other in which the cowardly third ruled. In Japan the nation is dominated by militancy; the military third, controlling the indecisive third, practically eliminates the non-military element.

In this Republic the opposite condition exists, and we must pass over it in sad and bitter silence lest we sully the forgotten memory of those heroes whose blood cemented together the foundations of this Republic.

Such, then, is the spirit that animates these two claimants to the inheritance of the Pacific as they make their way to the bar of that court which shall adjust their claims.

Mankind invariably views the process of law and the adjustment of human differences with prejudice, and because of this it is commonly said that no man is justified in acting as his own counsel.

The error of this is manifest; yet, in its application to that old composite individual, the nation, the same condition exists, with this exception, that in addition to prejudice is passion, with passion, hate, and with these a wilful, mad disdain.

Nothing can be more deplorable than this error.

Warfare is only a phase of national progress, to be no more regarded with hatred or passion than should an individual look with the same feeling upon the vicissitudes that mark his progress from childhood to the grave.

The adjudication of this inheritance of the Pacific must pass through two courts: the Court of the Sea and the Court of the Land; the first is preliminary, the second final. The judgment of the Court of the Sea will either be decisive or will appertain to the final judgment in no way.

A statistical comparison between the naval forces of the United States and Japan is apparently plain to the public mind, though the public neither knows nor cares anything about it. To those who study it, it is an enigma when it is not an obsession. This enigmatical character is due to the falsity of the relationship it bears to the actual struggle.

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COMPARATIVE TABLE OF AMERICAN AND JAPANESE NAVIES (1910)

FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIPS

	Displacement	Big Guns	Horse-power	Speed, Knots
South Carolina	16,000	8	16,000	18.5
Kashima	16,400	8	18,000	18
Michigan	16,000	8	16,000	18.5
Katori	16,400	8	18,000	18
Delaware	20,000	10	25,000	21
Satsuma	18,800	14	18,500	20
North Dakota	20,000	10	25,000	21
Aki	19,000	14	25,000	20.5
Utah[1]	21,825	12	25,000	—
Kawachi[1]	21,000	14	——	—
Florida[1]	21,825	12	——	—
Setsu[1]	21,000	14	——	—
Wyoming	26,000	12	——	—
Unnamed[1]	21,000	14	——	—
Arkansas[1]	26,000	12	——	—
Unnamed[1]	21,000	14	——	—
Kansas	16,000	4	16,500	18
Shikishima	14,850	4	14,500	18
Vermont	16,000	4	16,500	18
Ashai	15,000	4	15,000	18
Minnesota	16,000	4	16,500	18
Mikasa	15,362	4	15,000	18
New Hampshire	16,000	4	16,500	18
Iwani	13,566	4	16,500	18
Maine	12,585	4	16,500	18
Hizen	12,700	4	16,000	18
Missouri	12,585	4	16,000	18
Sagami	12,684	4	14,000	19
Ohio	12,585	4	16,000	18
Suwo	12,674	4	14,500	19
New Jersey	14,948	10	19,000	19
Virginia	14,948	10	19,000	19
Georgia	14,948	10	19,000	19
Nebraska	14,948	10	19,000	19
Rhode Island	14,948	10	19,000	19
Louisiana	16,000	10	16,500	18
Connecticut	16,000	10	16,500	18
Idaho	13,000	12	10,000	17
Mississippi	13,000	12	10,000	17

EXCESS OF FIRST-CLASS AMERICAN BATTLE-SHIPS

Ships	9
Big guns	20

ARMORED CRUISERS

United States, first class	10—big guns, 16
Japan, first class	15—big guns, 41

EXCESS OF FIRST-CLASS JAPANESE ARMORED CRUISERS

Ships	5
Big guns	25

[1] Building.

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TORPEDO CRAFT

United States torpedo-boats	24
Japanese torpedo-boats	95
United States torpedo destroyers	36
Japanese torpedo destroyers	62
Excess of Japanese torpedo craft	97

RECAPITULATION OF THE FOUR ELEMENTS OF COMBAT

United States excess of first-class battle-ships	9
Japanese excess of first-class armored cruisers	5
Japanese excess of big guns	4
Japanese excess of torpedo craft	97

By these tables it is seen that that overwhelming superiority of the American navy does not exist. In fact, it is very difficult to say if both navies were ranged in a single sea, which would be superior. In warfare the catalogue of ships and the enumeration of the implements of war never stand in constant relation to those other characteristics that more actually determine the eventual consummation of international struggles.

War is like prayer—it alone concerns man. A cathedral does not add to prayer, nor do weapons increase the militancy of nations. These two conditions are elemental. There enters also into the conduct of war, both by land and by sea, the Earth. The Earth plays a greater part in the eventual determination of war than does man himself. The Earth can circumscribe man in his combat; all that man can do is to borrow. The Earth is an enemy or an ally. It aids the defense or the offense. It alone determines its allegiance. Such is the case in the naval war on the Pacific. The Japanese have gods that are gods of the land and of the sea. These gods they have propitiated, and the Earth has come to their rescue. This struggle for the Pacific is in the Pacific. The naval forces and the naval bases of the United States are sixteen thousand miles from the combative sphere of their coast-line. The navies and armies and peoples and gods of Japan are in the center of it.

The determinate factor in naval warfare, as on land, is strategic. In this instance it might be said that this strategic condition determines the consummation of the approaching struggle. The efficiency of a fleet diminishes or is augmented as the distance from its main base to the theater of war is lengthened or diminished. The area of all naval efficiency is determined by the multiplicity, dispersion, and capacity of naval bases, together with a mer-

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chant marine sufficient to meet the maximum demand of the navy in war. Without these depots and merchant marine a navy decreases in efficiency as it increases in size. Due to the naval policy of this Republic, the Atlantic fleet, once in the Atlantic at the beginning of a war, must remain glued to its Atlantic bases or to the radii of its steaming capacity from these bases.

The fleets of the United States and Japan in the Pacific are:

	United States	Japan
Battle-ships	—	15
Armored cruisers	10	15
Torpedo craft	12	157
Big guns	16	169

Time for the Atlantic fleet to reach San Francisco in peace	120 days
Time for the Japanese fleet to reach San Francisco in peace	19 days
Time for the Atlantic fleet with supply-ships in war	180 days
Time for the Japanese fleet with transports in war	30 days

By this table we see that Japan possesses, in a naval sense, the tentative naval control of the Pacific. This is due to the fact that the time elapsing from the landing of the Japanese upon the Pacific coast to the time that the Atlantic fleet might enter its waters is sufficient for the complete seizure by land of the Pacific coast. It will be seen later on that by the time the American fleet enters the Pacific it will look across a waste of waters in which there does not remain a single American port of call—an expanse of waters as portentous and forbidding as they appeared to Magellan some centuries ago.

Should the United States undertake the folly of dividing its fleet between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans the elimination of the American navy might be considered as completed. If the American second-class battle-ships should be taken as first-class, and there should be made an equable division between the Atlantic and the Pacific, then in relation to the Atlantic fleet France would be:

Fifty per cent. stronger in big guns.
One hundred per cent. stronger in armored cruisers.
Four hundred per cent. stronger in destroyers.
Twenty-five hundred per cent. stronger in torpedo-boats.

Germany would be:

One hundred and twenty per cent. stronger in big guns.
One hundred per cent. stronger in armored cruisers.
Five hundred per cent. stronger in destroyers.
Four hundred per cent. stronger in torpedo-boats.

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England would be:

Four hundred and fifty per cent. stronger in big guns.
Six hundred per cent. stronger in armored cruisers.
Twelve hundred per cent. stronger in destroyers.
Nine hundred per cent. stronger in torpedo-boats.

In relation to the Pacific fleet Japan would be:

One hundred per cent. stronger in big guns.
One hundred and twenty per cent. stronger in armored cruisers.
Four hundred per cent. stronger in destroyers.
Five hundred per cent. stronger in torpedo-boats.

If the United States is to consider its navy as a decisive factor in the defense of this heritage of the Pacific and the continental states on the borders of that ocean, then its naval policy must be radically changed, and the number of its ships in the Pacific determined by the naval strength of the strongest Pacific power plus that number of ships which are necessary to overcome the strategic advantages adherent to the other power; plus also the erection and dispersion of naval bases in all of its Pacific possessions, and a creation of land forces that are capable of protecting these bases from land attack. In this age of great vessels and great speed vast armies can accompany fleets, and temporary control of the sea gives temporary control of undefended landings which with imperceptible rapidity pass to a state of permanency.

An error that frequently manifests itself is the failure of nations to differentiate between the instruments of war and the limitations of their use. In one war we find that, should a combatant achieve certain success through one of its arms as over the use of others, nations rush to increase that arm even to the neglect of the balance, failing to realize that it might have been the environment of the theater of war that determined the especial advantage of that particular means of combat. The character of warfare in South Africa was not applicable to Asia, to America, or to Europe. Yet for the time being it affected them all.

So it is in regard to navies. Some nations place their dependence too much upon them, and for no other reason than because another great power, whose naval necessities may be acute and its greatness based upon naval supremacy, regards naval war as its primary means of offense and defense.

A navy in most cases can never be anything more than an adjunct to the land forces of a nation. Wars cannot

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be won through naval achievements alone. The loss of a navy has no effect on the fighting capacity of a nation, nor upon its government or resources. To be victorious in a decisive sense of the word, the resources or the government of the enemy must be destroyed or controlled to such a degree that the nation is incapable of war. Navies cannot accomplish this. It is reserved for the land forces.

We have seen that, in the struggle for the inheritance of the Pacific, the present conditions are such that the American navy can play no part, and the American nation must depend upon its armies not alone for victory, but for the preservation of the integrity of the nation. So we shall now enter upon the consideration of land warfare, its purposes, progress, and consummation.

In warfare an overwhelming advantage accrues to that combatant who is able to force the theater of war into the other contestant's territory, which is quite contrary to that old nonsense of seeking to fight near one's base. The devastation of the theater of war goes on concurrently with the progress of the war. With this destruction is lessened proportionately the combative ability of the nation in whose territory is located this area of conflict. Hence in a war between Japan and the United States, if it were possible for the United States to make Japan the battle-field instead of this continent, the war would be more than half won and the ruin of it unfelt.

The determination of the locality of this theater of war depends on four conditions:

1. The temporary control of the sea.
   (*a*) Belongs to Japan.
2. Capacity to transport troops.
   (*a*) Capacity of the United States to transport troops in a single voyage, 15,000.
   (*b*) Capacity of Japan to transport troops in a single voyage, 200,000.
3. Size of the mobile army.
   (*a*) American field army at the outbreak of war, 32,000.
   (*b*) Japanese field army at the outbreak of war, 250,000.
4. Military capacity.
   (*a*) American army in United States, inclusive of militia, 114,000.
   (*b*) Japanese army in Japan, inclusive of reserves, 1,500,000.

By this we see that the determination of the theater of war rests entirely with Japan. The Philippine Islands will play no part, because they are strategically occupied the

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moment war is declared on account of their proximity to Japan. To place troops in them would be a diversion entirely outside of the real theater of operations. The Hawaiian Islands in a similar manner fall under Japanese sovereignty immediately on the declaration of war. This is due to reasons other than those that control the Philippines.

"Japanese immigration into Hawaii has been political rather than economic, and is divided into three distinct political decades, as determined by two factors:

1. American Pacific expansion.
   (*a*) The establishment of the Hawaiian Republic.
   (*b*) The annexation of Hawaii.
   (*c*) The conquest of the Philippines.
2. Japanese political development.
   (*a*) Protest of Japan against annexation of Hawaii.
   (*b*) Japanese victory over China.
   (*c*) Japanese victory over Russia.
   (*d*) Anglo-Japanese alliance.

In the first political decade, 1884-1896, there occurred:

1. The overthrow of the Hawaiian monarchy and the establishment of the American republic.
2. Japan's protest against annexation.
3. Japan's victory over China; the elimination of that nation from the Pacific, and the beginning of Japan's political development as a Pacific power.

Simultaneous with these events the Japanese population in Hawaii increased from 116 in 1884 to 22,329 in 1896.

In the second political decade, 1896-1900, there occurred:

1. The annexation of Hawaii.
2. The conquest of the Philippines.
3. The development of the Japanese army and navy.

Simultaneous with these events the Japanese population increased from 22,329 in 1896 to 61,115 in 1900.

In the third political decade, 1900-1908, there occurred:

1. Japan's victory over Russia, the elimination of that nation in the Pacific, and Japan's increased development as a Pacific power.
2. The Anglo-Japanese alliance and Japan's advent as a world power.
3. Unprecedented development of the Japanese army and navy.

Simultaneous with these events Japanese immigration into the Hawaiian Islands from 1900 to 1908 has been 65,708. The departures during this period were 42,313. The mili-

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tary unfit have in this manner been supplanted by the veterans of the great war, and the military occupation of Hawaii tentatively accomplished." [1]

In this manner we find that the theater of war is relegated to the Pacific coast, Washington, Oregon, and California.

The army of Japan is based upon universal and compulsory service. This service extends from the end of the age of twenty and continues until forty. All those capable of carrying arms are divided into two classes: the "fit" and the "absolutely fit," but it is only from the "absolutely fit" that the army is constructed. While military training is part of the school training of all Japanese, it is at the age of twenty that the "absolutely fit" enter the regular army, where they serve for three years in all arms except the infantry, which is for two; then they serve for five years in the first reserve, called the "Yobi." They are then transferred to the "Kobi," in which they serve for ten years. At the end of their Kobi service, which is in their thirty-eighth year, they pass into the Kokumin, where they serve for two years and eight months, completing their total of twenty years. In addition to this there is a supplementary reserve called the "Hoju." It is composed of the balance of the "absolutely fit" not required for the first line. They serve in the Hoju for seven years four months. They are called out first for ninety days' training and subsequent trainings of sixty days. They then pass to the Kobi, where they serve ten years, then to the Kokumin, and complete their service of twenty years. This Hoju is used for making good the waste of war.

The field army of Japan consists of some twenty divisions. These include the guard. There are two independent cavalry brigades, three independent brigades of field artillery, each of twelve batteries, three independent divisions of mountain-guns, and four or more divisions of heavy artillery, each of twenty-four guns. The war strength of a division is 25,000 men. At the present time the total strength of the mobile field army is about 700,000 men, with reserves sufficient to bring it up, if necessary, to a million and a half.

Concerning the American army, we will use only those figures found in the recent report of the Secretary of War and the chief-of-staff, which the sensitive nature of Congress was unable to accept.

[1] *The Valor of Ignorance.*

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By this we find that, in addition to the staff, the American army is composed of fifteen regiments of cavalry, six regiments of field artillery, thirty regiments of infantry, three battalions of engineers, and one hundred and seventy companies of coast artillery. This gives a total combatant force of 64,000 officers and men. If we deduct the coast artillery we find that the entire balance is less than two divisions of the Japanese army.

The regular army is distributed as follows: 32,500 of the mobile forces are in the United States, 14,500 of the mobile forces are in the insular possessions and Alaska; 16,200 coast artillery are in the United States, 800 are abroad.

In addition to these regular forces, the Secretary of War estimates the available militia to be 86,200 combatant officers and men. The total forces, therefore, in the United States, inclusive of the militia, are 114,500.

The Secretary of War states:

"This force has not the proper proportion of infantry, cavalry, field artillery, engineers, or sanitary troops; it is not fully equipped for field service; it is, with exception of parts of the militia, entirely lacking in organization into higher tactical units of brigades and divisions."

In modern warfare the first essential to success, after the theater of war has been determined upon, is to reach that locality first. The time required can and should always be known prior to the outbreak of war. This is determined by three definite conditions: First, the assembling of the army; second, the degree of preparedness to take the field; third, the length of time required to transport the forces to the theater of combat.

In assembling the forces of the United States, small as they are, there exists a complex condition of affairs. The regular army of the United States is distributed among one hundred and fifty posts. The militia are scattered throughout forty-nine States and in more than three hundred different geographical localities. These must all be gotten together and supplied with field equipment for the actual purposes of war, which they do not now possess. They must be organized into brigades, and brigade staffs organized, of which not even the nuclei exist. Divisions must be formed, and division staffs; new artillery regiments must be constructed, horses bought and trained, and innumerable other conditions of actual war met and adjusted before these

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forces can even make their way across America to the Pacific coast.

We should say, after careful study of this question, that it is not possible for these 114,000 men to be placed in brigade and divisional organizations and equipped so that they could intelligently participate in a pitched battle under four months. It is true that in six weeks they might be herded to the front, but in so far as modern military combat is concerned they would be no better than a mob; and though that mob did possess the courage and patriotism of the Gracchi, unlike the Gracchi their deeds would bring them no glory.

Japan, on the other hand, is governed by entirely different conditions. There exists at all times a standing army of over a quarter of a million men, ready to take the field, completely equipped in a single day. For the mobilization of the rest of the forces, it is simplified by two conditions: (1) the compactness of Japan, being not as large as the State of California; (2) the Empire is divided into military districts corresponding with the divisions of the army, and each district is the unit of administration as well as territorial command. Each division receives its recruits from its own district, so that in addition to its standing army Japan can within a week call to its colors an additional half-million men absolutely equipped, administered, and as perfect as any army in the world, and as ready to enter into a pitched battle upon the day of its mobilization as a year subsequent.

When the theater of war, as in this case, is distant from the center of mobilization of both combatants, the capacity of the means of transportation becomes of vital importance.

In the United States we find that the major portion of the American forces is east of the Mississippi River—that is to say, between two and three thousand miles from the theater of conflict. They must be transported, after they have been mobilized, by railroads, the difficulty of which is at best very great. When, however, the railroads are under private ownership and vast stretches of territory exist, as in the western part of the Union, through which these troops must pass, the difficulty increases. And when, in addition to this, we find that the entire population of these States is dependent upon the use of these railways to secure means

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of livelihood and to dispose of its products, the difficulty becomes even greater than it is possible to imagine.

For example, we noted at one time that in the transportation of two hundred and ten men from two companies of coast artillery to the coast, seven sleeping-cars and two baggage-cars were required. Multiply this to 114,000 men, and for each car used in the transportation of men add three additional cars for munitions, artillery, transport, equipment, commissary, horses, mules, wagons, etc., and the magnitude of the task becomes apparent. In war, however, when these 114,000 men must be increased to a million or two million, it is readily seen that the abandonment of the West along certain lines of railway is possible, and their eventual confiscation by the government for the use of military purposes alone is inevitable.

These American roads are quite the reverse of the Russian-Siberian Railway, and it is in this difference of conditions that belong those elements of weakness characteristic of the American railways when given over to war. In the Russo-Japanese War the Siberian road was not only the property of the Russian Government, manned by its employees and a staff whose education and training had been devoted to the handling of troops, but it was unhindered by local traffic or by great areas of dependent population.

The capacity of Japan to transport troops to the United States, and the rapidity with which she can do it, results in this strange paradox: that, in a military sense, Japan is closer to the Pacific coast than is that portion of the United States from whence must come the men and the means with which to make war.

At one time the sea was regarded as being a protection against invasion. But under modern means of marine transportation this condition is reversed, and the sea affords the easiest and quickest way of invading an alien land, provided that the nation possesses armies and ships, as in the case of Japan.

After the American army has been assembled it would require forty-five days to transport the whole of it to a specific theater of war on the Pacific coast. The reason for this is that these armies are tied to the lines of railway. For instance, it would be impossible to transport troops to central or southern California by the northern railways, or to Washington and Oregon by the Santa Fé or Southern

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Pacific, since on reaching the coast and running parallel to it they would be traveling fifteen hundred miles parallel to the enemy's lines of attack and by a single line of railroad. It must further be remembered that the size of the American defending army is not determined by any arbitrary rules at Washington, but by the number of troops composing the invading army. Moreover, these troops must reach the vicinity of the theater of war simultaneously. They must enter the area of conflict as a compact body. This, if attempted after war has been declared, is an impossibility. They come in driblets.

In marine transportation these conditions are reversed. The invading forces can select any point on the coast and their expedition disembark as a compact whole, whether it be one hundred or two hundred thousand men.

It is said that Japan possesses a thousand sea-going vessels. The following table, comprising forty vessels capable of carrying one hundred and twenty-five thousand men and of making the voyage in less than twenty-five days, will be sufficient:

Name	Tonnage	Troop Capacity Officers and Men
Tenyo Maru	14,000	4,600
Chiyo Maru	14,000	4,600
Shinyo Maru	14,000	4,600
Tocoma Maru	11,500	3,800
Seattle Maru	11,500	3,800
Chicago Maru	11,500	3,800
Panama Maru	11,500	3,800
Mexico Maru	11,500	3,800
Canada Maru	11,500	3,800
Kamo Maru	8,600	3,594
Hirano Maru	8,600	3,594
Miyazaka Maru	8,600	3,594
Atsuta Maru	8,600	3,594
Kitano Maru	8,600	3,594
Mishima Maru	8,600	3,594
Tango Maru	7,463	3,168
Hitachi Maru	6,716	2,886
Aki Maru	6,444	2,842
Shimano Maru	6,388	2,916
Iyo Maru	6,320	2,965
Awa Maru	6,309	2,854
Kaga Maru	6,301	2,872
Wakasa Maru	6,265	2,717
Bingo Maru	6,247	2,805
Sado Maru	6,227	2,740
Inaba Maru	6,189	2,816
Kanagawa Maru	6,170	2,832
Hakata Maru	6,161	2,415
Tamba Maru	6,134	2,794

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Name	Tonnage	Troop Capacity Officers and Men
Kamakura Maru	6,126	2,670
Sanuki Maru	6,112	2,700
Kawachi Maru	6,101	2,532
Hongkong Maru	6,000	2,600
America Maru	6,000	2,600
Nippon Maru	6,000	2,600
Tosa Maru	5,823	2,885
Nikko Maru	5,539	2,400
Kumano Maru	5,076	2,396
Ceylon Maru	5,068	2,300
Riojun Maru	4,806	2,840
Troop capacity		126,419

We have before called attention to the degree the configuration of the earth plays in the wars of man. We have shown that, relative to the naval struggle between the United States and Japan, the strategic situation is so vastly in favor of the Japanese Empire that, in conjunction with the policy of the American Government the naval supremacy of the Pacific rests with Japan, though upon the vast sea not a gun is fired. So now in regard to the land warfare, we again witness the strange coincidence of the strategic situation being so overwhelmingly in favor of the Asian Empire that if the military policy of this nation is continued in the future as in the past, we can say that Japan will overwhelm this Republic on the Pacific coast with greater ease and with less hardship than ever, in modern times, one nation has overcome another.

Let us assume that there are three arcs of invasion; in other words, there are three distinct theaters of war. Between the landing-places of these three zones and their arcs of defense exist great natural bases capable of supplying manifold the armies that would be necessary to secure these States. The combined area of the three Pacific coast States is equal approximately to that of France and Prussia and composes the richest portion of the United States. Together they are more than two and a half times larger than the Empire of Japan. For them to maintain an additional Japanese population of even two or three millions would have no effect upon their resources.

Immediately east of these three bases, which constructively are at Portland, Sacramento, and Los Angeles, facing mountains and desert, are the Japanese lines of defense. On the north flank exists a double arc, one defending Washington and having Spokane as its center, the other defending

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Oregon and having Umatilla, Pasco, Walla Walla, and Pendleton as its center. The defense of the Japanese middle strategic zone has its center at Reno, its right center on Walker River, and its left center north of Plumus Junction. The arc of defense of the Japanese right flank has San Jacinto Cañon on the extreme right, Saugus Cañon on the extreme left, and the Cajon in the center.

On the Japanese left or northern flank we have the following strategic conditions: both positions are situated in a fertile country, while to the east of them are great uninhabitable mountains. To their main base it is less than four hundred miles, while the American main base is over fifteen hundred. If the American commander wished to transfer forces from the Spokane field of operations to the Oregon field of operations it would be necessary for the troops to traverse, over a single line of railway, through a mountainous and sparsely settled country, about thirteen hundred miles. The Japanese changing front on the same lines would have but one hundred and forty-nine miles to traverse over three railways.

The line of defense of the Japanese center is one hundred and fifty-four miles from their base in the Sacramento Valley, while the American field base situated at Salt Lake is five hundred and seventy-eight miles distant over a desert and sparsely settled country. The Japanese lines encompass the most fertile valley of Nevada, while the American lines are thrown back upon the desolate wastes of Carson Sink, their right flank resting on Black Rock and Smoke Creek deserts, their left on barren mountains.

On the right or southern flank, if the American commander wished to withdraw forces from the Cajon Pass and reinforce those at San Jacinto, it would be necessary for his troops to traverse more than one thousand miles of desert on a single line of railway. The Japanese, to transfer on the same front, but on interior lines, have only forty miles.

The American forces attacking the Japanese southern flank at the Cajon, rest on the Mojave Desert, and are two hundred and forty-six miles from a sufficient supply of water; attacking the San Jacinto, they rest on the Conchilla Desert, and are one hundred and thirty-six miles from water.

Some military authorities estimate that, under modern conditions of warfare, to make a frontal attack upon an intrenched army, sheltered behind semi-permanent works, re-

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quires a proportion of three to one; others state that it requires five to one. It is obvious that the Japanese left flank cannot be turned strategically because it is protected by the Canadian boundary; the right flank cannot be strategically turned because it is protected by the Mexican boundary.

The American armies will, therefore, be forced to make a strategically frontal attack, which, owing to the peculiar geographical position occupied by the Japanese, must result in a tactical frontal attack. Hence, to say that it will require three Americans to one Japanese to attack them in these positions is taking the lowest estimate that would be supported by any military authority.

Should Japan occupy each of these three strategic zones with approximately two hundred thousand men, or six hundred thousand in all, it would require one million eight hundred thousand Americans to make the attack—one million eight hundred thousand Americans as fully equipped, disciplined, trained, and officered as the Japanese. They must conquer deserts, assault vast barren mountain-ranges; and not until they have overcome the hostility of these savage lands does the struggle begin.

Concerning this struggle we shall say nothing.

HOMER LEA.

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EFFICIENCY IN THE PUBLIC-HEALTH CAMPAIGN

BY C.-E. A. WINSLOW, CURATOR, DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH
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THE science of public health had its beginnings in the discovery of the causes and vehicles of disease, twenty years ago. To-day we are entering upon a second epoch in the history of the war against the microbe. There is a change coming over the spirit of sanitary science almost as important as that which occurred between 1880 and 1900. The period of Pasteur and Koch marked a transition from intuitive guesswork to science; and to-day we are making a further step, from a merely scientific and rational, to an economic and quantitative viewpoint. We ask now, not as we did ten years ago, "Is such-and-such a thing dangerous?" but, "How dangerous is it?" Cities are cramped for funds and there is no prospect that for some time to come half as much money will be available for health purposes as could profitably be spent. It is impossible to attack all the points at which microbic foes or unhealthful conditions might possibly injure an occasional victim. Resources must be directed with skilled generalship against those gaps in our defenses where the enemy is constantly striking down his victims in large numbers. There are such gaps, numerous and important enough to demand the best energies of the competent public-health expert. He is striving therefore to cut down expenditures for some of the ancient and traditional, but fruitless, health activities and to apply the money where it will do most good. He is asking himself continually, "How can I save the greatest number of lives for a hundred or a thousand dollars by this or that line of preventive work?"

The first fruits of this economic point of view is the relegation to a position of obscurity of some of the most time-

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honored activities of the municipal health department. Perhaps even to-day the average citizen may believe that the chief functions of the Board of Health are to keep the neighbor's back yard clean, to inspect plumbing, and to disinfect after contagious disease; yet all these duties are of minor if not of negligible importance. The dread of disease from garbage in the back lot is a legacy from Murchison's pythogenic theory. We know to-day that the only important relation of garbage to disease lies in the fact that it may, under certain circumstances, breed flies which may, in turn, serve as carriers of pathogenic germs. Municipal cleanliness is good for its own sake and only in a minor degree as a health measure, except in warm climates where insect-borne disease is an important factor; and garbage collection and disposal is more and more generally transferred from the health department to some other division of the city government. From the pythogenic theory, too, dates the fear that miasms of disease may emanate from a pinhole in the plumbing pipe and fly across the room to seize upon their helpless victims. There are, no doubt, disease germs in sewage, but they cannot be detached from moist surfaces except by considerable force, and bacteriological studies have shown that if a man placed his mouth at the top of a house drain and breathed drain or sewer air for twenty-four hours continuously he would run less danger of acquiring intestinal germs than in drinking a quart of New York water prior to the installation of a disinfection plant in 1911. So plumbing inspection, in progressive cities, is taken from the health board and placed with the building department where it properly belongs.

Even the problem of sewage disposal is changing its aspect under the influence of the same considerations. The demand for complete and ideal purification in all instances is giving way to the rational consideration of each special case on its own merits, carrying the treatment just so far as is necessary for local needs. As Professor Whipple has so effectively pointed out it is not Sewage Purification, but Sewage Treatment that is desired and treatment carried, only so far as is really essential, in view of the pressing demand for other applications of public-health funds.

These alterations of emphasis have come from a recognition of the fact that communicable disease does not arise from decomposing organic matter, but from infected per-

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sons. The demonstration, abundantly established by bacteriological and epidemiological evidence, that, even material, which has been infected, rapidly loses its infectivity, that disease germs, habituated to the warm rich fluids of the body, quickly die out when removed from it, that recent infection is the dangerous infection,—this demonstration too has an important influence upon practical sanitation. Air-borne disease has been shown to be a negligible factor except in the immediate neighborhood of the infected person, where coughing or loud speaking may throw out a fine spray of germ-bearing droplets. Even fomites, or objects which have been in contact with the sick, are dangerous only when infection has been recent. The tales of toys put away in a closet for two years and yet capable of transmitting disease are purely mythical.

From the fact that microbes are carried only in gross particles of excretal material there has arisen a new conception of disinfection. The disinfection of excreta, of sputum and bowel discharges, and of bedding and clothing, and other things which have been in direct contact with the sick, assumes greater and greater importance. On the other hand, general room-disinfection, the burning of sulphur or formaldehyde to destroy germs floating in the air or perching on the walls or ceiling is coming more and more to be regarded, as a sanitary authority has expressed it, as "incense burned to the memory of bygone theories of disease." Even when gaseous disinfection is to follow, sterilizing of clothing and bedding by heat and thorough cleansing of infected surfaces is essential, since formaldehyde gas has little penetrative power; and, if these things are done, gaseous disinfection is of no particular importance as shown by the experience of cities where it has been abandoned.

Only one other instance need be cited of the negative or critical side of the new attitude toward prophylactic measures. This concerns the campaign for pure foods which, though essentially important, and the result of modern science rather than a heritage from pythogenic days, has been carried to such extremes by many of its leaders that it threatens to do serious harm by obscuring the proper sense of proportion for which we are striving. Infected water, milk, and raw shellfish are real dangers, of great practical importance, and measures for their control have produced definite and tangible results. With the exception of these

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three substances, however, the danger to life and health from "impure foods" is not quantitatively an important one. Food-poisoning due to decomposed foods undoubtedly occurs and should be prevented, so far as possible, by the exclusion of meat and fish obviously tainted. Unfortunately, however, we have in most cases no tests for the detection of incipient decomposition which are as yet sufficiently well established to supplement the evidence of the senses. The large sums of money spent by municipal health departments in the condemnation of decayed fruit have absolutely no warrant from a public-health standpoint. Even the sale of meat from diseased animals is not an appreciable cause of human disease, thanks to the saving grace of cookery. As a matter of fact most cases of food-poisoning are due to decompositions in salads and the like after the food has been cooked and can be prevented only by care in the kitchen. A prominent pathologist recently deplored the fact that tons of tuberculous meat are sold in New York. It would be a sad day for New York if such were not the case, for New York would go hungry if all tuberculous meat were excluded from the market. The ideally healthy animal is about as rare as the ideally perfect human being, and the present policy of condemning only grossly diseased animals, and parts of animals, errs if anything on the side of severity. As Dr. Theobald Smith has pointed out the pressure of the cost of living is likely to bring us nearer to the German system under which much meat condemned here would be utilized for food after sterilization. We need, not less inspection, but more; only the ultimate disposal of the inspected goods should be governed by the principle that all foods which can be safely used should be used and not wasted for sentimental reasons. These problems have two sides; and it is the condemnation, not the utilization, of safe but second-grade foodstuffs which should be considered an injury to the public.

Adulteration and misbranding is for the most part an economic, rather than a sanitary, problem. There are exceptions to this rule, as in the case of the use of arsenic for coloring candies and notably in the case of poisonous and habit-forming drugs, the sale of which is of serious moment. For the most part, however, adulterants are no more unwholesome than the things for which they are substituted. They injure the pocketbook and so indirectly the health, but

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their control is not primarily a health measure. So with the question of preservatives. Some preservatives, like sugar, salt, vinegar, cloves, cinnamon, mustard, are commonly used in the household and little objection has been raised to them. Other preservatives, like benzoic acid and benzoates, salicylic acid and copper sulphate, are less familiar and the whole country has been ringing with the agitation over them. It is unnecessary here to go into the detailed merits of this controversy, although in the opinion of the writer the truth seems to lie, as pointed out by Dr. D. R. Lucas, somewhere between the extreme positions of the Bureau of Chemistry on the one hand and the Referee Board on the other. The main point for our present purpose is, that the harmfulness of benzoate of soda is at least so slight that it cannot be demonstrated to exist at all to the satisfaction of some of the ablest and most disinterested chemists and physiologists. Such being the case, it is obvious that, from the quantitative viewpoint, this dubious danger should not be allowed to divert attention from causes of disease and death which we know kill their thousands and their tens of thousands.

I do not in any way question the general righteousness of the Pure Food law and the campaign of which it forms a part. Dr. Wiley and his associates have made a good fight for honesty and cleanliness, a fight which should be continued, though now on more rational and less emotional lines. It is time, however, that a movement which is primarily economic and esthetic should cease to monopolize attention as a supreme factor in the public-health movement, which it is not; and it is time that some of the energies which have been turned in this direction in the name of Hygeia should be diverted to more profitable channels. If the Women's Clubs of this country could be as actively interested in infant mortality and tuberculosis as they have been in pure foods, we should see something approaching a sanitary revolution.

The only safe way to guide public-health efforts along quantitative lines is to govern them by an intelligent study of vital statistics. Vital statistics are, to public health, what bookkeeping is to the ordinary business. The wise merchant studies his records of profit and loss and expands along the lines where he can get the best interest on his capital. So with the modern health officer. The various

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causes of death in his city indicate the possible end toward which he may direct his efforts, and his past experience and the experience of others tells him which of them are likely to be profitably attacked. For example, there were 732,538 deaths in the registration area of the United States in 1909. One hundred and seventy-four thousand four hundred and seventy of these deaths were from various minor causes hard to classify in brief form. The other 558,068 deaths, or 76 per cent. of the whole, were due to 11 causes which may be grouped in two series as below.

A.—IMPORTANT CAUSES OF DEATH WHICH ARE IN THE MAIN OF EXTERNAL ORIGIN AND THEREFORE PREVENTABLE

Typhoid fever	10,722
Diphtheria	10,358
Other epidemic diseases	28,908
Tuberculosis	81,720
Pneumonia and other respiratory diseases	90,868
Diarrhœa of infants	44,648
Accidents	47,135
Total	314,359

B.—IMPORTANT CAUSES OF DEATH WHICH ARE IN THE MAIN OF INTERNAL ORIGIN AND NOT AT PRESENT PREVENTABLE

Cancer and tumors	38,020
Nervous diseases	66,803
Circulatory diseases	90,456
Bright's disease	48,430
Total	243,709

This classification is of course an imperfect one. Tuberculosis is in large measure the result of hereditary predisposition, which is an internal factor; and a man may die of heart disease as a result of lifting heavy weights, an external factor. In the main, however, it is true that there is one great class of important diseases, like cancer and the others in its class, which are not at present within the practical control of public-health authorities. It is to the other class of diseases, in which external and controllable factors are predominant, that the health officer must turn, in order to use his funds to best advantage; and it is encouraging to note that the seven controllable causes of death enumerated above include 314,359 deaths in the registration area, or 43 per cent. of the total.

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No one can safely predict the entire elimination of all, or any, of these " preventable " causes of death. What is certain is that they could be greatly reduced by the application of simple, known measures of control. It would be very conservative to assume that tuberculosis and the respiratory diseases could be diminished by one-quarter and that the other death rolls could be cut in half, within the immediate future, meaning a saving of 100,000 lives a year.

Typhoid fever (10,000 deaths in the registration area) can be reduced by purification of water and pasteurization of milk, by anti-fly campaigns in the South, by excluding polluted shellfish from the market, by the bedside disinfection of excreta, by the supervision of carriers, by general education in habits of personal cleanliness, and by vaccination of those likely to be exposed to infection. In Pittsburg the filtration of the public water supplies cut the typhoid death-rate down to an extent which meant a saving of 400 lives a year. In Chicago and Boston the general pasteurization of milk supplies was followed by a reduction in the typhoid rate amounting to a saving of 100 and 30 lives a year, respectively. At Jacksonville, Florida, as in many Southern cities, the fly is an important agent in transmitting typhoid fever; and here a vigorous campaign for the elimination of flies and the screening of vaults led to a saving of 22 lives a year in a population of only 60,000. Remember that these reductions are not transient, but permanent, and consider what the saving of 20 or 100 lives a year in one city really means in lifting the burden of sorrow and suffering from the human race.

In addition to these sanitary measures of control, we now have in the case of typhoid fever a thoroughly efficient protective vaccine. Better sanitation had something to do with the protection of our army camps in Texas from typhoid fever, but the main influence was vaccination, which was so efficient that out of 12,800 men at San Antonio in an unsanitary typhoid-infected country there was but one case of typhoid, a teamster who had not received his second inoculation. In a similar body of men in the Spanish War there would have been 2,000 cases of typhoid and 200 deaths.

Diphtheria (10,000 deaths a year in the registration area) is the second great controllable cause of death. It can be held in check by two principal measures, by the detection and

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isolation of suspected persons and by curative and protective injections of antitoxin. In diphtheria and typhoid fever and certain other diseases it is possible to detect the carriers by bacteriological examinations and by this means important results have been achieved. By effective school inspection, diphtheria can be reduced to a low level, and the examination of the throats of persons exposed to the disease, with prompt isolation and antitoxin treatment of those who prove to be infected, has again and again proved efficacious in quickly putting a stop to a threatened epidemic. The most effective of all our weapons against this disease is of course antitoxin. It came into general use in this country between 1894 and 1896, and while the death-rate in New York and Chicago for the decade 1885–1894 was over 140 per 100,000 it dropped to less than 70 for the decade 1895–1904. This meant an annual saving of over 2,500 lives a year in New York City alone.

The other contagious diseases (30,000 deaths a year in the registration area) which include measles, scarlet fever, whooping-cough, and the like, are much less easily controllable, since we have no specific vaccines against them and, in many cases, lack the clear knowledge as to their mode of spread which is necessary to the most efficient sanitary control. The isolation of the infected individual has shown itself most useful with rarer diseases like cholera and plague which can be kept out entirely from countries in which they have not gained a foothold. During the past two summers the bacteriological examination of passengers from cholera ports and the isolation of infected persons has proved an impassable barrier at our maritime cities. We have had in history two great world pandemics of bubonic plague beginning in the sixth and eleventh centuries; and we should to-day be in the midst of a third, of similar character, if it were not for the protections of modern sanitary science. The present outbreak began as the earlier ones did in Asia in 1894 and ravaged unhappy India, killing 8,000,000 persons. It has found its way all over the world, to Cuba and Porto Rica and South America. The rats in England have become infected and the ground squirrels in California. Everywhere, however, outside of Asia, the disease has been met by restrictive measures. Human cases and infected rodents have been discovered and it has been demonstrated that even the terrible "Black Death" is under our control.

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With the more familiar diseases which have gained a foothold and are widely distributed in the community isolation is much more difficult on account of the presence of unrecognized and carrier cases. In many instances, as in measles, the very early stages are the most infective ones, while in other diseases, as in typhoid fever, the recovered convalescent may in rarer cases continue to distribute virulent germs for twenty years. A certain proportion of normal persons may be carriers of infectious germs without ever having had the particular disease. Some 2 or 3 per cent. of any average population will be diphtheria carriers and 2 or 3 out of a thousand will be typhoid carriers. This is the great reason why it is so hard to secure good results from isolation in many diseases, particularly those in which the specific germ remains unknown. Measles, whooping-cough, and scarlet fever have been reduced, and will be further reduced, by isolation regulations, but a still more powerful factor is the spread of popular education as to bacteriological cleanness in daily life, a cultivation of what may be called the aseptic sense, the subconscious instinct which keeps the hands so far as possible from what has been specifically infected by the hands or mouth of the sick and which guards the mouth with certainty against whatever has not been specifically cleaned.

The largest of all groups of preventable disease, the shining targets for the sanitarian, are the respiratory diseases, tuberculosis, pneumonia, and bronchitis. We can make headway against tuberculosis (80,000 deaths) by pasteurization of milk to eliminate bovine infection, by enforcing the proper care of sputum, and, above all, by attention to the factors which effect vital resistance, by better housing, by improvements in factory ventilation, and the elimination of dangerous dusts which lacerate the lung tissue of grinders, granite-workers, and the like and by popular education in the rules of hygienic living. The latter factors, housing and working conditions, fresh cool air, and the personal conduct of life, are also the prime measures in the control of pneumonia and bronchitis (90,000 deaths).

The fight is by no means an easy one. Hopes entertained fifteen years ago that tuberculosis sanatoria would soon be curiosities like the pest-houses of the Middle Ages have been rudely shattered. Yet we are making headway. In New York State the death-rate for 1911 was 150 per 100,000

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against an average death-rate of 180 for the past twenty-five years. This means a saving of 2,800 lives a year, by comparison merely with the average, and not with the extreme conditions of twenty years ago. This result has been achieved mainly by sanatorium treatment and by a campaign of popular education in the principles which should underlie the conduct of the individual life. We know from the results of the bacteriologists that practically all adults are infected with the tubercle bacillus and, from the statistical studies of Karl Pearson, that in adult life the element of infection plays an almost negligible part. Tuberculosis is a disease of the factory and the tenement. In certain dusty trades four out of five deaths are from " grinder's consumption " or its analogue. We have made much progress in the cure of the great white plague and a beginning in its prevention; but rapid progress will come only, I believe, through a definite movement for the sanitation of living and work places and for the hygienic conduct of the individual life, such as has yet hardly been attempted.

Infant mortality, and particularly infant diarrhœa (45,000 deaths a year in the registration area), is the second great strategic point of attack for the progressive sanitarian. Here the really effective weapon is again education,—education of the individual mother. Breast-feeding, first and foremost, and intelligent personal care in clothing, bathing, airing, and the like could unquestionably prevent one-half of the slaughter of the innocents which carries off one baby out of five born in many of our cities before it reaches the age of one year. The work of the municipal health department and the New York Milk Committee in New York City has furnished a brilliant example of what may be accomplished. Vigorous efforts to reach the mothers began on a large scale in the spring of 1911. The reduction in death rate that followed is equivalent to a saving of 1,182 lives a year, and in the summer of 1912 the death-rate fell still further below that of 1911.

Finally, accidents (47,000 deaths a year in the registration area) could be greatly reduced, as they have been reduced in European countries, by regulation of railroading, mining and factory work, and by the extension of systems of workmen's compensation, which automatically prevent many preventable accidents, while they place the burden for the non-preventable accidents where it belongs. It is well to remem-

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ber that the fatality among the employees of English railways is one-fourth what it is here and the rate of non-fatal accidents only one-seventh of ours. In coal-mining, Belgium had a fatality in 1830 about the same as that which exists in American mines to-day; but the Belgian death-rate has been cut to less than one-third of what it was.

One interesting and notable thing about modern public-health work is its tendency to supplement purely administrative methods by educational ones. First, in connection with the anti-tuberculosis movement it was clearly recognized that the man and woman in the home and in the factory are the only people who can prevent tuberculosis; and there resulted the organization of a campaign of popular education of unprecedented scope and effectiveness. The same thing has happened in the campaign against infant mortality. It began as a movement for pure milk, largely administrative in character. It soon appeared, however, that Budin's *consultations des nourissons*, not the *gouttes de lait,* indicated the line of profitable endeavor. One worker after another discovered that the success of a milk station was gauged, not by the number of quarts of milk distributed, but by the number of mothers taught to feed and care for their own children. In one city the authorities refuse to call them "milk stations" at all, but correct you and say "consultations"; and they are right, for the infant-mortality movement is an educational movement first and foremost. The campaign against venereal disease is following the same lines, and promises to become a third nation-wide organized effort for public enlightenment.

All this educational work puts new and unlooked-for stresses upon the Health Department of the olden times. It is a simple enough matter to purify the water-supply of a city. All that you have to do is to convince a Mayor and a Council or whatever the administrative authority may be, and the thing is done. But to get a sanitary sense into the heads of the people is much harder than to lead water-pipes into their houses. A really efficient State or city department of health must have an organization of experts in sanitary publicity such as was built up in Chicago during the administration as Health Commissioner of Dr. W. A. Evans. Instead of cumbrous annual reports he issued a weekly bulletin sparkling with cartoons and "healthgrams" that were quoted from one end of the country to the other.

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He had a press service, which supplied the foreign papers, religious papers, and labor papers with weekly material, and a bulletin service, which placed constantly changing health hints on the notice boards of factories all over the city. Finally he had a staff of speakers, with himself at the head, ready to answer any call, and to give any group of men, women, or children news of the progress of the war against disease.

So far, no allusion has been made to the constitutional diseases, whose origin is largely internal, and which are commonly held to lie outside the field of public-health preventive work. Are these maladies, however, to be accepted as dispensations of Providence with no struggle for control on the part of the community as a whole? If so, the outlook is a grave one, for these "constitutional" diseases not only cause about half the total deaths to-day, but, while the "environmental" causes of death are increasing, some of the constitutional causes are steadily increasing, not relatively, but absolutely. The increase is in part of course due to the greater average age of the population. The environmental diseases are diseases of youth, and their reduction leaves more people to grow old and die of heart disease and kidney disease in later life. Even at a given age period, however, there is a real increase in the fatality of these diseases. Yet they are by no means beyond our control. In the first place, many "constitutional" diseases of the blood vessels or kidneys are due to "environmental" causes, to lead-poisoning, or alcoholism or venereal disease. In the second place, in almost every case death could be postponed by observance of proper hygienic rules. Often the physician is called in too late to do much good, and only by a systematic public-health movement of colossal proportions can a serious impression be made upon these diseases of later life. A few of the well-to-do and intelligent have themselves examined once a year after the age of forty, for the first signs of these maladies, which are some day sure to come. If public-health money may be spent, as it is spent, to detect tuberculosis in its curable stage, and to teach a man how to get well, why should not it be devoted in the same way to saving him from Bright's disease?

The history of school inspection is significant in this connection. It began as a public-health measure of the strict sanitary police type, that is, it was intended to protect one

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child against another. To-day, however, nine-tenths of the work of school inspection is directed toward physical defects, such as bad teeth, poor vision, glands, and the like, which are not communicable at all. That is, the work has passed from the police stage of protecting one individual against another to the social stage of caring for the individual for his own sake. With adults we have not gone quite so far. The new English insurance act with its free medical attendance is, however, a step in the right direction, whatever fault may be found in detail with its terms. In the future it seems probable that a large proportion of the medical and nursing professions will be in the employ of the State, and that none of the preventable or mitigable maladies to which mankind is subject will lie beyond the scope of their preventive work.

This is for the future. In the present it is clear that there are public-health activities of the more usual and orthodox kind which are capable of yielding practical results of enormous importance, results which must not be sacrificed to the mistaken ideals of an outgrown pseudo-sanitation. The cleaning of streets, the improvement of sewage-polluted rivers and harbors, the inspection of plumbing, the supervision of food supplies to detect substitution and incipient decomposition, all these things are desirable from the standpoint of municipal cleanness and municipal decency. They are not primarily health measures, however. It cannot be shown that they save lives. They should be carried as far as a city or State can afford to carry them, but they must not take precedence of measures that are immediately needed to save human lives. When a city like Minneapolis spends $76,000 for the collection and disposal of garbage and refuse and $47,000 for its health department, it is clear that a sense of proportion is somewhere lacking. When one says that the death-rate of New York City has been reduced 40 per cent. in twenty years, the statistical statement is not impressive. If some powerful spirit like Lesage's Asmodeus could lift the roofs from the houses and show us over 200 deathbeds every day in this great city and then show us 130 other households where Azrael's sword would be flashing if sanitary science had not sheathed it, we should perhaps understand what the cold figures mean.

C.-E. A. Winslow.

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GREAT BRITAIN'S POSITION IN EUROPE

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

At a time when Europe is emerging from one crisis only to rearm itself with unexampled lavishness for the next and when the whole atmosphere of Continental politics is oppressive with thunderous suspicions and anxieties, what is the position, what are the policies and commitments of Great Britain? Between France and Russia on the one hand and the Teutonic Powers on the other, where does she stand, to which side do her interests and sympathies incline her? What precisely is the nature and the scope of the Agreements she has concluded with the Governments of the Dual Alliance and of the friendly disposition she has manifested toward their peoples? What obligations has she incurred either to engage in or to abstain from the bristling arena of Continental strife, and what are the political and military liabilities that these obligations entail? How has her insular position been affected by the astounding development of air-ships and aeroplanes and their conversion into offensive weapons of formidable potency, and to what extent is the prodigious increase of European armaments likely to influence her own preparations for defense and the settled scheme of her naval and military policy?

A dozen years ago hardly one of these questions could have been propounded as a problem of tangible moment; hardly one of them would have come within the sphere of what the Germans call *"Realpolitik."* At the beginning of the present century Great Britain stood aloof from all Continental complications; her statesmen prided themselves on her " splendid isolation "; her relations with and her sentiments toward the various Powers of Europe were governed not by European but by Asiatic, South-African, and other Imperial considerations; she clashed with France, for instance, over Egypt, with Germany over the Transvaal, with

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Russia over India and Persia, but these differences were mainly local, carried with them no European implications, and were very far from committing her to either of the two groups of Powers that divided the field of European politics. Great Britain, in short, played a lone hand in the great game of Continental diplomacy, siding now with this combination and now with that, adopting no definite principles of action, and varying her attitude and policy in accordance with the run of events in one quarter or another of her far-flung Empire. The position had its advantages in keeping her free from entanglements in strictly European concerns and in enabling her to interpose at times with decisive effect, and it had also its disadvantages inasmuch as no Power could count on her to keep to a fixed course while all Powers resented having to reckon with so erratic and incalculable a factor. But whatever its merits or its risks that position has been abandoned and so far as one can see will not again, or at any rate not in our time, be reoccupied. Great Britain in the past twelve years has ceased to be a detached Power. She no longer views the Triple and the Dual Alliance with an equal impartiality. Step by step, without any intention of shifting the entire basis of her foreign policy, and greatly to her own bewilderment and consternation, Great Britain, in her usual absent-minded and improvident fashion, has been forced to range herself against the Teutonic Powers and with France and Russia. Her identity with them is not, indeed, complete; she is not a party to their compact; no agreement, verbal or written, secret or published, binds her to support them by force of arms. Nevertheless she is universally and accurately regarded as something more than the sympathetic friend of both Russia and France, and on at least three occasions within the past seven years her partiality for the Third Republic and the interest she has come to feel in its independence and security have brought her within measurable distance of a war with Germany.

To understand how such a situation has arisen in so short a time one must go back to the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904. That Agreement was born of the union of three streams of tendencies. One stream represented the reaction in England against the Philo-Germanism of British foreign policy; another represented the desire of France to simplify and co-ordinate her external interests; the third represented

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a sudden accession of weariness and disgust among the French and British peoples with the furious scoldings and recriminations of Fashoda, the Dreyfus case, and the Boer War. Great Britain's policy during the two final decades of the nineteenth century was, as I have said, to have no policy at all. Between the Dual and the Triple Alliance she remained neutral, but with an inclination of sentiment toward the latter. Under the late Lord Salisbury, indeed, it more than once seemed as though England's weight would be definitely thrown on the German side of the balance. I need not now detail the various incidents and influences that gradually changed both the popular and the official attitude of Great Britain toward Germany. It is enough for my present purpose to register the fact that by the time the Boer War ended, a change, and a very decided change, had taken place. The explosion of anger with which England greeted the Anglo-German expedition against Venezuela in 1903 put the reality of the transformation beyond question. From that moment Anglo-French relations began automatically to improve. French anxieties that Great Britain might side against her were allayed when it was seen that there was a powerful flow of British opinion away from the policy of graceful concessions to Germany's pistoling diplomacy. At the same time a movement toward an Anglo-French *rapprochement* began to declare itself in France. M. Delcassé, who had been in charge of French foreign affairs since 1898, based his policy on the conviction that France could not afford two first-class hatreds. She could not be at one and the same time anti-German and anti-British. She could not simultaneously oppose the strongest military and the strongest naval Power in the world. It was necessary to make a choice. M. Delcassé decided that a haphazard and provocative Colonial policy which brought England and France face to face at more than one perilous point, which dissipated instead of consolidating the strength of his country, and seduced France from what must always remain her paramount objective, was really risking more than the game was worth. He therefore bent all his efforts toward removing Great Britain from the list of France's possible enemies.

Two circumstances aided him. One was that both the French and the British peoples were somewhat ashamed of their ceaseless squabbles and had come to the end of their

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resources of abuse. After the peace of Vereeniging there was a period of political and journalistic calm, a return to an atmosphere of tranquilizing sanity. On both sides of the Channel men began to look into the foundations of their disputes over Egypt and Siam and Newfoundland and Madagascar and to see whether, after all, there was so much in them as they had been pretending; and when the peoples of two countries reach this stage of quiet and friendly reflection, it does not take the statesmen very long to discover that political differences are rarely insuperable when tackled in the right spirit. The other circumstance that prompted appeasement was the accession to the British throne of a Sovereign whom all Frenchmen knew and liked, and who speedily made it his business to further the gathering impulse toward confidence and good-will. It was in such conditions that the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904, clearing up a number of Colonial questions and giving Great Britain a free hand in Egypt, and France a free hand in Morocco, came to be negotiated. Its authors, or at any rate its British authors, looked upon it as an exclusively Anglo-French compact, with no bearing of any moment on the interests of other Powers, and with no European implications of any kind. Their sole purpose in concluding it was to wipe the slate clean of a variety of difficulties that had long perturbed Anglo-French relations. It was not aimed at Germany or at any other Power; and it certainly never occurred to any one in Downing Street that it would put a severe strain on Anglo-German relations or initiate a wide-turning movement in the operations of British policy. Events, however, quickly expanded its scope and gave to the new-born friendship which it embodied a European importance. Had the period of Anglo-French bickerings and pin-pricks lasted on into the Russo-Japanese War, the two seconds to the duellists in the Far East might themselves have become involved in the struggle. The *entente* between the French and British Governments served to draw a ring round the combatants; it furnished a round-table at which both Great Britain and Russia could meet for the settlement of the North Sea incident; and its development under the impact of the war brought home to the consciousness of both nations some perception of its far-reaching potency.

But it was Germany's somewhat tardy discovery that her interests had been ignored in the disposal of the Morocco

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question, followed by the Kaiser's visit to Tangier and the exciting months that preceded and accompanied the meetings of the Algeciras Conference, that first revealed the full range and effectiveness of the Anglo-French *entente*. International friendships and agreements are coming more and more to depend for their validity on the interpretation put upon them, and the sentiment with which they are invested, by public opinion. When it seemed as though Germany, taking advantage of the collapse of Russian power in the Far East, were bent on engineering the Morocco crisis to threaten an unprovoked attack upon France, public opinion in England, disregarding the written letter of the Anglo-French compact and acting instinctively upon its spirit, declared in effect that if the attack were delivered it would be resisted by France and Great Britain together. A somewhat similar situation arose in 1907 and again in 1911 and on both occasions it was met in the same way. Germany at no time has possessed any interests in Morocco of vital or even of considerable value. But she saw that Great Britain and France had come together and harmonized their differences without consulting her and she used the Morocco opening as a pretext for probing the new combination and testing both its scope and strength. To London and Paris it appeared as though Germany were challenging the right of France to form any new friendships whatever of which the Wilhelmstrasse might chance to disapprove and as though she were seizing the opportunity of Russia's temporary breakdown to establish such an ascendency in Europe as would place the foreign policies of every Chancellery under her dictation. This was a pretension that Great Britain felt bound to join with France in resisting with all the power at the disposal of either country. Germany on the other hand became equally convinced that one of the prime objects of the Anglo-French *entente* was to hem her in and that in striving for its disruption she was merely defending the essentials of her political and strategic position. In this way the *entente* was caught in the mesh of Continental rivalries, broadened out into a sort of informal compact of co-operation between Great Britain and France, and became invested with an unlooked-for but accepted responsibility as one of the mainstays of the European equilibrium.

Moreover, it contributed powerfully to the formation of

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an Anglo-Russian understanding. For fifty years and more the relations between London and St. Petersburg had been palpably disquieting. There was little sanity in them and next to none of that consistency and stability which can only obtain when two Powers have seriously examined and compared their mutual interests. From the Crimean War to the Peace of Portsmouth they had been penetrated with a seemingly incurable suspiciousness. Many suggestions for their improvement were put forward from time to time, but nothing ever came of them. The British mind was saturated with the persuasion that Russia was the most grasping, the most deceitful, the most far-seeing of Powers. The Russian mind held precisely the same convictions in regard to Great Britain. Popular instincts, prejudice, and ignorance, the irresponsible form of the Russian Government, and fears for the safety of the Indian Empire helped to produce an estrangement which benefited neither Power yet which neither Power seemed able to break. But after the Peace of Portsmouth their relations at once took a happier turn. There began to be a growing perception among British statesmen and publicists that the deadlock between the two countries was a mutually barren one and played directly into the hands of Germany. Then, too, the defeat of Russia in the Far East and her internal convulsions had reduced her power of injuring Great Britain to an unprecedented minimum, and encouraged in her statesmen an unwontedly conciliatory temper. British diplomacy would have been purblind indeed to have let so favorable an opportunity pass by unused. Moreover, the unrest in India had become such that it was more desirable than ever to come to an agreement with the Power which chiefly menaced the northwest frontier and was, therefore, chiefly responsible for the size of the Indian military budget. Besides this, the common sense of Great Britain could not understand a friendship with France that left the ally of France out in the cold; the settlement of the Far-Eastern question on the basis of the Treaty of Portsmouth had removed one of the most vexed and contentious of Anglo-Russian issues; and, finally, the Morocco episode had taught England that it was not a British interest, but its very reverse, that Russia should be unable to make her due weight felt in the European balance of power. On the Russian side the reasons for an understanding with Great Britain were not less cogent. The Rus-

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sians had formed a decided opinion as to whether their failure to come to terms with Great Britain had improved or had weakened their position in the Far East and they were anxious not to repeat the blunder in the Near East. With a long and doubtful period of recuperation and internal reconstruction ahead of them they were well aware that the friendship of the greatest naval Power and the goodwill of the richest money-market in the world would be assets of no little importance; and they realized not less clearly that what Russia had lost in the Far East Germany had gained in Europe and that to offset German predominance in the Baltic, on the Continent, and in Asia Minor was a desirable end to strive for. Great Britain and Russia accordingly, in September, 1907, negotiated a Convention which divided Persia into two spheres of influence and reconciled their respective interests in Afghanistan and Tibet.

Here, again, as in the case of the Anglo-French Agreement, the influence of the Convention of 1907 extended far beyond the problems it specifically dealt with. It altered the whole temper of the British and Russian Governments and peoples toward each other; it dissipated the insensate antagonism and distrust that had kept them apart; it encouraged them to view each other's necessities in a new and friendlier light and to look out for and to welcome opportunities of mutual assistance and intercourse. Inevitably their *rapprochement* had its European reactions. It not only confirmed and strengthened the understanding that had been reached between Great Britain and France, but converted it into a Triple Entente. It came to be understood that Russia, France, and Great Britain would be found acting in common on most, or all, matters of European concern. Inevitably, also, it increased Germany's suspicions. Since Great Britain abandoned her position of neutrality and took to forming alliances and *ententes* she had concluded one compact with Japan, another with Russia, another with France, and a fourth, for the adjustment of their Mediterranean interests, with Spain. The British Government and the British press proclaimed each and all of these agreements to be absolutely unaggressive and innocent, threatening no one. But the statesmen of the Wilhelmstrasse could hardly be expected to accept that version of their purpose and effects. They pointed out that all these instruments

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had one feature in common—Germany was excluded from them. They went on to remind themselves that the result of the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904 was to dispose of the fate of Morocco as though Germany had no interest whatever in the Shereefian Empire. They noted that a similar result in regard to Persia, to the Far East, and to the Mediterranean followed from the compacts with Russia, Japan, and Spain, and they observed, moreover, that every sign of the lukewarmness of Italy in supporting her allies of the Triplice was hailed in Great Britain with obvious gratification; and they came irresistibly to the conclusion that the British were giving an anti-German point to their diplomacy, were tampering with the loyalty of Germany's allies, and were organizing a league of Powers with the object of penning Germany in. It is probably the case, though most Englishmen would deny it, that behind British diplomacy of the past ten years there has been a double motive. The first motive unquestionably was to make an end of the old and unprofitable disputes that had for so long kept England and France, and England and Russia, at loggerheads. This was an object worth pursuing for itself alone. But while pursuing it, no British statesman could have been blind to the fact that the nearer Great Britain drew to France and to Russia, by so much was Germany's preponderance diminished. The *rapprochements* with France and Russia, while very far from being in intention a declaration of diplomatic war upon Germany, had very much the air of resembling a clearing of the decks. If they were not aimed at Germany, they were welcomed by British opinion as being, at the least, a precaution against Germany; and that this invested them with a more sporting attractiveness in the eyes of Downing Street, it would be hard to deny. But whatever the calculation, if calculation there were, that underlay the new British policy of alliances and *ententes,* its effects have been to confront the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente in a vigorous and clean-cut rivalry. At the time of the Balkan crisis of four years ago, throughout the Morocco difficulty which was only settled for good and all toward the close of 1911, and during the discussion of the manifold and contentious issues stirred up by the overthrow of the Ottoman Empire in Europe, Russia, France, and Great Britain have as a rule taken one side and Germany and Austria the other; and twice at least war

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between them has only been averted by the narrowest of margins.

It will be seen, therefore, that Great Britain has stepped, or rather slid, into the very thick of the European conflict. Yet she has done so not as the ally of any one combatant or group of combatants, not in obedience to any formal and reciprocal pledges, but simply as the result of circumstances beyond her power to control; and neither the position in which she now finds herself nor the policy it imposes on her can be said to be altogether clear and coherent. British opinion decided in 1905, and reaffirmed its decision emphatically in 1911, that the independence of France is a British interest to be preserved, if need be, by the full exercise of British power. Without asking from France anything in return, the British people have virtually engaged themselves to join with her in warding off an unprovoked attack by Germany. There is no evidence to show that the French are prepared to reciprocate in kind. Never without a touch of quixotism in their composition, the British people have read into the *entente* meanings and obligations that its framers never contemplated. The French, more emotional on the surface, but infinitely more prudent and restrained at heart, while not less cordially in favor of the *entente,* have not yet translated it, even subconsciously, into a definite policy. In these extraordinary and indeed unparalleled circumstances one can appreciate, without necessarily indorsing, the standpoint of those Englishmen who argue that the time has come when all uncertainty should cease, and when clear and formal expression should be given, in terms of politics, to what is at present an alliance of sentiment. The relations between Great Britain and France that now exist constitute a strong fact, but it is a fact of which the consequences are confused and the scope indefinite. It is agreed by practically all Englishmen that their country cannot continue to hold, or rather cannot revert to, its old position of neutrality in European politics and declare itself equally indifferent and equally sympathetic to both the Dual and the Triple Alliances. Events have forced Great Britain to throw in her lot with the former, while disclaiming, and disclaiming sincerely, any hostility to the latter. But how far her adhesion carries her, and what exactly it involves, is unknown. "Any support we would give France or Russia in times of trouble,"

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said Sir Edward Grey some eighteen months ago, "would depend entirely upon the feeling of Parliamentary and public opinion here when the trouble came." There is not much enlightenment to be extracted from so nebulous an utterance as that. That Great Britain would not be a party to any movement of aggression against Germany, that both France and Russia would quickly drop the *entente* if it were to be used as a means of embroiling them with their formidable neighbor, may be laid down as axiomatic. But on the other hand "the feeling of Parliamentary and public opinion" in Great Britain during the past few years appears to have charged itself with the responsibility of defending France against anything it considered an "unprovoked" attack from the German side. The discretion, the moral saving-clause, hinted at in the adjective "unprovoked," would not, I imagine, prove a very steady barrier at a time of crisis. Nothing is more hopeless or, as a rule, more irrelevant than to attempt to decide, when two nations are at war, which of them "provoked" it; and clearly if it is a British interest to prevent France from being overwhelmed by Germany, then that interest would operate whether France at any given crisis was "right" or "wrong," the aggressor or the attacked. From the broad standpoint of national interests and the enduring law of self-preservation, Great Britain, if convinced that the conquest of France would be the certain prelude to an attempted conquest of England, would be bound to go to the aid of France whenever and however her security was menaced.

The advocates of a definite Anglo-French alliance have, therefore, a measure of reason when they urge that, such being the facts, they ought to be embodied in a political compact, if only because, whether so embodied or not, they will continue to exist and will have to be faced. The alternatives, they insist, lie between prolonging a situation full of vagueness and reducing it to coherence and precision. In their view such an alliance as they favor would add nothing to the responsibilities which self-interest has already compelled Great Britain to shoulder voluntarily, while by defining them it would, in fact, tend to lessen them. In the place of a dubious and unlimited liability, they maintain, Great Britain would then have a liability that could be measured and prepared for; in the place of uncertainty there would be something fixed to go upon; and in the place of the present one-sided arrangement under which Great Brit-

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ain regards herself as bound to render France the greatest service that one nation can ever render another, while France remains unconscious of any reciprocal obligation, there would then be a more equitable and businesslike compact. The better sense of the nation, however, is in favor of letting things remain as they are. No defensive alliance between England and France could possibly entail the same equality of risk so long as France is Germany's immediate neighbor and exposed to a land attack, and so long as Germany is separated from Great Britain by the element in which the British still remain supreme; and the calculating and prudential spirit of French statesmanship would accordingly shrink from any such compact. An Anglo-French Alliance, moreover, would goad all Germany to madness, remove the last doubt that it was the supreme aim of British policy to surround her with an iron ring, and drive her to stake everything on an immediate effort to break through the cordon. The British people prefer, therefore, to go on as they are, and in the situation in which they find themselves, with all its perils, incongruities, and haziness, rather than attempt the desperate venture of mending matters by imparting to them a sharper edge. But it is doubtful whether they altogether realize what the situation actually is, and how far they have pondered all that is involved in the enterprise of upholding France in a war with Germany, and whether they are quite aware that Great Britain is reverting to the principles and activities of the Palmerstonian era, and is intervening in the affairs of Europe precisely at the moment when her military resources, compared with those of her possible antagonists, are most manifestly inferior, and whether they have made the necessary connection between the Anglo-French *entente* and the prodigious expansion of German sea-power.

It is, therefore, extremely difficult to foretell what would be the British course of action in the event of a war between the members of the Dual and of the Triple Alliance that concerned none of the questions dealt with by either the Anglo-French or the Anglo-Russian Agreement, but that might none the less have a vital influence on British interests. Such a war, arising out of the Balkan crisis, has been a possibility any time during the past six months and at moments something more than a possibility. And, naturally, the line that Great Britain would take were it to break out has been the subject of a good deal of discussion. One

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school has argued that the limits of British obligation to support France or Russia are precisely fixed by the terms of the Anglo-French and the Anglo-Russian Conventions and are very far from involving a general liability to take up arms on their behalf in all eventualities, and that Great Britain, therefore, in the event of a European conflict provoked by the problems of the Balkans, would be free, if she chose, to remain neutral. Another and, I should judge, a more powerful school has maintained on the contrary that neutrality would mean the destruction of that policy of European insurance which Downing Street has laboriously built up in the past decade; that Great Britain would return in that event to her old position of isolation, with all its perils indefinitely multiplied; that in the long run it is not possible for her to be inside the Triple Entente one year and outside it the next, as the mood of the moment may decide; and that her Agreements and friendships with France and Russia which, so long as they are effective, remove the possibility of an anti-British coalition wielding the balance of naval power, commit her to the support of those Powers whenever their existence is jeopardized by European foes. The publicists of this school, however, are very apt to spoil their case by insisting that the only way in which Great Britain can render effectual aid to France or Russia is to adopt universal and compulsory military service and to raise her army to the Continental scale of magnitude. The objections to any such course are overwhelming. It would place upon Great Britain the burden of providing and supporting, first, a supreme navy, secondly, a highly expensive force, such as she possesses at present, of 150,000 men for the service of the Empire, and lastly, an enormous conscript army nominally raised for purposes of home defense, but really intended for use on the Continent. The creation of such a military power would be an act of financial, political, and economic madness; it would inevitably result in the navy, on which Great Britain's existence must always in the main depend, being starved; it would intensify the competition in armaments all over Europe and in the end leave Great Britain relatively where she is now; it would deal a disastrously disorganizing blow at her whole industrial system; and it would raise up against her a gigantic host of apprehensions and antagonisms were the greatest sea-power to lay herself open to the suspicion of

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harboring vast military designs. Great Britain has no intention of being drawn into any such whirlpool. She will continue to depend for her security against invasion in the first place upon the Navy, in the second upon the Regular Army, and in the third upon the Territorial force; and though undoubtedly a good deal has yet to be done to bring the territorials up to a proper height both of numbers and efficiency, and though some system of military training and instruction may be made a part of the national educational curriculum for excellent moral and physical reasons, I do not believe that Great Britain will depart from the voluntary principle for the purpose of providing against a chance raid upon her shores, and I am very confident she will never embrace compulsory service in order to engage in a Continental war on the quantitative scale that comes natural to Powers whose frontiers are not the sea. The development of aerial fleets will no doubt in time impair the advantages of her insular position, but that is hardly a reason why she should throw them all away prematurely and gratuitously; and if she is ever compelled to take part in a European struggle her magnificent fleet and her splendidly organized and efficient Expeditionary Force would not only enable her to give a good account of herself, but would make her an invaluable ally and a most formidable antagonist. Great Britain's answer to the spurt in Continental armaments takes, in effect, the form of a refusal to be deflected from the sane and sufficient lines on which her naval and military policy and preparations have developed during the past ten years.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

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THE EFFECTIVE IDEALS OF PERICLEAN ATHENS AND PISISTRATUS

BY SIR CHARLES WALDSTEIN

ALL human beings aim at, what has been called, self-effectuation. It is the realization of their capacities, aspirations, hopes, wishes, passions. The lower, the less developed the being, the less conscious; the higher the more conscious, is it of this motive to action. The range is thus: from instinct and appetite to clear purpose and ideals.

The same applies to societies and states. All states strive for self-effectuation, and in their relation to other states this leads to self-preservation and the positive manifestation of power. They again differ in the degree of consciousness with which they pursue this main motive of existence. The lower in organization and development the less are they conscious of this mainspring to political activity, the higher they are in the scale of civilization the greater is the consciousness of their political motive, until they adopt what is called a policy, a logical and reasoned system of action governing, dominating every individual phase of public activity. In their relation to other states the first impulse of self-preservation leads to a defensive policy, while the more positive impulse of self-realization may lead to aggression and an offensive policy. The two aspects often, if not generally, interact upon each other. The defensive policy, when directed against the aggression of other states, may naturally lead to an aggressive or offensive policy as regards other states; while the dominance of an offensive policy may not only strengthen the defensive aspect of national life, but may modify or determine the whole nature of purely internal, social, and domestic affairs in the lives of the citizens. It further leads to imperial and colonial policy.

But the degree of consciousness with which these motives

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to national life act may be modified or regulated by a third aspect, which partakes, on the one hand, of a higher degree of self-consciousness, while, on the other, it implies greater self-detachment, until it attains almost a cosmical, and certainly a philosophic, character. This is the realization of an ideal for each state, ever present in the minds of statesmen and even of the mass of the people, toward which ideal, as a pattern of its civic existence, the state tends or consciously strives—the perfect realization of its national existence. Here again the height to which in the evolution of society a state has risen is measured by the degree of consciousness and effectiveness in political action to which each state has risen with regard to such an ideal of its national existence. The nature of this ideal is again determined by the leading motives in the lives of its leading classes or citizens, and the actual life interests of the people or the dominant element within the nation. It may thus be military, economical, commercial, even religious. Power, wealth, or the sway of its god or gods or priests will be the determining factor in its national ideal, the pattern or model of a state toward which its life as a state tends.

But the determining factor in the national ideal may be neither of these, though they may all be included in part or as means to a final end. It may be of a more spiritual nature and rest upon the ideal life of the best citizens, the highest collective spirit of the people as a whole. This highest life may be best conveyed in the term Culture, which determines as a final goal the life of the highest individual citizens and of the nation as a whole. The distinctive feature in the ideal of such a state—ever present and effective in the consciousness of its statesmen as a final goal toward which national self-effectuation tends—would be national culture. In its attitude toward other states—defensive or offensive, domestic, colonial, or imperial—this element will then always be the essential factor; and even if it does not lead to an antagonistic attitude toward other societies, it will at least be the chief distinctive element present in their national consciousness when they fix their own position as a political unit within the whole of human society of which they are a part. The distinction will be consciously drawn between themselves and the *Barbaroi*. The *Barbaroi* are all the people—even of the same race—who are not possessed of the same culture.

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It is my contention that the introduction of culture as a practical and effective element—in fact, as the dominant element—into national politics was the distinctive feature in the national life of Periclean Athens, the unique characteristic of Hellenism through which its influence has persisted through all ages.

Thus the essential and distinctive characteristics of Hellenism may be defined epigrammatically as consisting of the infusion of culture as a dominant element into the actual social and political life of the ancient Greek people. In no period of man's history can the same be said for any state. If we review the leading states in man's history, those who attained to supreme power and dominated the world's affairs beyond the mere realms of their original country, we find that all aimed at, and attained, power—the rule of that state. This included actual military power to dominate the peoples who came under their sway, to regulate their lives in accordance with the ruling peoples' customs, the extension of commerce, and the acquisition of wealth. It may also have included the imposition upon the subjugated or contiguous peoples of the orderly social life, of the laws—and even the religion, which made up the more ideal side of their existence. This was the case in ancient Egypt, with the Jews, with the Assyrians, with the Persians, with the Roman Empire, and, in more modern times, with the great Holy Roman Empire down to the very threshold of our immediate days.

In our own days the collective, though far from united, peoples of the West, the representatives of European civilization, may be justified in drawing a hard-and-fast line of distinction between themselves collectively and the savage peoples devoid of all civilization; or even between themselves and those representatives of different races and color, whose claim to civilization may be chiefly based upon the elements which they have absorbed from European nations.

But the ancient Greeks drew a distinction between themselves and the *Barbaroi,* and these *Barbaroi* included nations contemporary with, and even contiguous to, themselves, who could never be considered by them nor by us as devoid of civilization, as we look upon barbarians and savages who in every respect differ essentially from ourselves in civilization. The real ground of this distinction, which the Greeks consciously drew between themselves and the *Bar-*

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baroi, was based upon the fact that the power to which they, in common with all states in man's history, strove to attain, was immediately connected with, if not based upon, culture. It was the actual recognition of this distinction which became a political and practical factor in their national existence, the consciousness of being better than others because of the higher intellectual and moral standards in the collective life of the state and in the actual living of each citizen. I repeat: it is upon this consciousness that the distinctive characteristics of ancient Hellas rests; and this distinctive and conscious policy of the Hellenic people was attained in the age of Pericles and finds its most direct expression in the funeral oration of Pericles as recorded in Thucydides. There could, in fact, be no clearer statement of this policy in which he pointedly draws a distinction—in fact, establishes a contrast—between Greece and the rest of the world, and, with pointed implication, between the policy of Athens and Sparta.[1]

"Worthy indeed of praise are they, and yet more worthy are our immediate fathers; since, enlarging their own inheritance into the extensive empire which we now possess, they bequeathed that their work of toil to us their sons. Yet even these successes we ourselves here present, we who are yet in the strength and vigour of our days, have nobly improved, and have made such provisions for this our Athens, that now it is all-sufficient in itself to answer every exigence of war and of peace. I mean not here to recite those martial exploits by which these ends were accomplished, or the resolute defences we ourselves and our fathers have made against the formidable invasions of Barbarians and Greeks —your own knowledge of these will excuse the long detail. But by what methods we have risen to this height of glory and power, by what polity and by what conduct we are thus aggrandized, I shall first endeavor to show; and then proceed to the praise of the deceased. These, in my opinion, can be no impertinent topics on this occasion; the discussion of them must be beneficial to this numerous company of Athenians and of strangers.

"We are happy in a form of government which cannot envy the laws

[1] No doubt this speech is primarily meant to raise the patriotic spirit of the Athenian people and is in so far partial in the praise it bestows upon the Athenian commonwealth and its institutions. But it clearly proves the ideal which Pericles held before his compatriots and the practical importance he attached to it as being able to urge the democracy, whom he is addressing, to definite political action by means of this ideal. The main point is that the difference between the private and political life of the Athenians, as contrasted with that of all other peoples, and more directly the Spartans, is the infusion of Attic culture into every aspect of their life.

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of our neighbors; for it hath served as a model to others, but is original at Athens. And this our form, as committed not to the few, but to the whole body of the people, is called a democracy. How different soever in a private capacity, we all enjoy the same general equality our laws are fitted to preserve; and superior honours just as we excel. The public administration is not confined to a particular family, but is attainable only by merit. Poverty is not a hinderance, since whoever is able to serve his country meets with no obstacle to preferment from his first obscurity. The offices of the state we go through without obstructions from one another; and live together in the mutual endearments of private life without suspicions; not angry with a neighbor for following the bent of his own humor, nor putting on that countenance of discontent, which pains though it cannot punish—so that in private life we converse without diffidence or damage, whilst we dare not on any account offend against the public, through the reverence we bear to the magistrates and the laws, chiefly to those enacted for redress of the injured, and to those unwritten, a breach of which is allowed disgrace. Our laws have further provided for the mind most frequent intermissions of care by the appointment of public recreations and sacrifices throughout the year elegantly performed with a peculiar pomp, the daily delight of which is a charm that puts melancholy to fight. The grandeur of this our Athens causeth the produce of the whole earth to be imported here, by which we reap a familiar enjoyment, not more of the delicacies of our own growth, than of those of other nations.

"In the affairs of war we excel those of our enemies, who adhere to methods opposite to our own. For we lay open Athens to general resort, nor even drive any stranger from us whom either improvement or curiosity hath brought amongst us, lest any enemy should hurt us by seeing what is never concealed. We place not so great a confidence in the preparatives and artifices of war, as in the native warmth of our souls impelling us to action. In point of education, the youth of some people are inured by a course of laborious exercise, to support toil and exercise like men; but we, notwithstanding our easy and elegant way of life, face all the dangers of war as intrepidly as they. This may be proved by facts, since the Lacedæmonians never invade our territories barely with their own, but with the united strength of all their confederates. But when we invade the dominions of our neighbors, for the most part we conquer without difficulty in an enemy's country those who fight in defense of their own habitations. The strength of our whole force no enemy yet hath ever experienced, because it is divided by our naval expeditions, or engaged in the different quarters of our service by land. But if anywhere they engage and defeat a small party of our forces, they boastingly give it out a total defeat; and if they are beat, they were certainly overpowered by our united strength. What though from a state of inactivity rather than laborious exercise, or with a natural rather than an acquired valor, we learn to encounter danger?—this good at least we receive from it, that we never droop under the apprehension of possible misfortunes, and when we hazard the danger, are found no less courageous than those who are continually inured to it. In these respects our whole community deserves justly to be admired, and in many we have yet to mention.

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"In our manner of living we show an elegance tempered with frugality, and we cultivate philosophy without enervating the mind. We display our wealth in the season of beneficence, and not in the vanity of discourse. A confession of poverty is disgrace to no man, no effort to avoid it is disgrace indeed. There is visibly in the same persons an attention to their own private concerns and those of the public; and in others engaged in the labors of life, there is a competent skill in the affairs of government. For we are the only people who think him that does not meddle in state affairs—not indolent, but good for nothing. And yet we pass the soundest judgments, and are quick at catching the right apprehensions of things, not thinking that words are prejudicial to actions, but rather the not being duly prepared by previous debate, before we are obliged to proceed to execution. Herein consists our distinguishing excellence, that in the hour of action we show the greatest courage, and yet debate beforehand the expediency of our measures. The courage of others is the result of ignorance; deliberation makes them cowards. And those undoubtedly must be owned to have the greatest souls, who, most acutely sensible of the miseries of war and the sweets of peace, are not hence in the least deterred from facing danger.

"In acts of beneficence, further, we differ from the many. We preserve friends not by receiving, but by conferring obligations. For he who does a kindness hath the advantage over him who by the law of gratitude becomes a debtor to his benefactor. The person obliged is compelled to act the more insipid part, conscious that a return of kindness is merely a payment and not an obligation. And we alone are splendidly beneficent to others, not so much from interested motives as for the credit of pure liberality. I shall sum up what yet remains by only adding—that our Athens in general is the school of Greece; and that every single Athenian amongst us is excellently formed, by his personal qualification, for all the various scenes of active life acting with a most graceful demeanor and a most ready habit of despatch."

No doubt there is a before and an after to the Periclean age; and, though elements leading to this final consummation may be discerned beforehand and the spirit of that age in its full expression survived into later periods (nay, survives down to our own days), the fact remains, that it is in this age of Pericles that Hellenism, as we understand it, finds its full expression and retains for us the significance which gives vitality to the ideas it embodies throughout the whole of man's subsequent history down to our own days and, beyond all doubt, to all successive ages in the future.

No doubt, also, it is a mistake to think that Greece means Athens. We must always remember the important position held in the earliest days by Crete, by Argos, by Sparta, by Corinth, by Chalkis, and, subsequently, by Ægina; the cities and the islands of Ionia, especially Miletos, and, above all, by the centers of Hellenic civilization in Sicily and Magna

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Græcia. In all these cities and states philosophy, art, and advanced political and social institutions flourished. It would indeed be untrue to maintain that all these cities and states were not representative of what we call Hellenic culture, and that they did not contribute their share to the making of that totality of civilized life with which ancient Greece is always associated in our minds. But there is no evidence that the conscious distinctive characteristics of Hellenism, which I have endeavored to define, forming the basis, and essentially modifying and directing the course, of practical politics, ever present in the minds of their statesmen, the leaders of their democracy, nay, the whole of the community itself, was the dominant factor in the life of these separate constituent parts of ancient Hellas. It was only true of Athens, Periclean Athens, Athens the leader of the united Greek states, which struck the dominant note in the symphony of Greek civilization so that the whole vibrates on through all times—the harmony of the spheres.

But it was only through the growth of power of Periclean Athens and through its actual leadership, its hegemony in the confederacy of Greek states, that this policy of practical culture could become effectively the ruling element for the whole of ancient Hellas. The consciousness, the conscious expression, of this political aspect of Hellenic culture was emphasized and made clear to Pericles and the Athenian people by the opposition of the other leading state of ancient Hellas, Sparta, with whom Athens had to struggle for that hegemony. It is not impossible or improbable that, if the antithesis to the Attic ideal had not been so clearly expressed and powerfully realized in opposition on the part of Sparta, the step to the conversion of such an ideal of culture into an element of practical politics might never have been made. A generation after Pericles, during the most acute phase of the Peloponnesian War, Isocrates formulates this most striking feature of Attic and Hellenic civilization in his great speech called "Panegyricus." Enumerating the achievements of Athens, he says: "For also the arts—as well those that provide for things useful in life as also those that are productive of pleasure—Athens has supplied for the other states, having either invented or improved them." He then enlarges on this point in showing that, not only athletic games are encouraged, but also intellectual and artistic pursuits, the splendid dramatic entertainments, the art of ora-

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tory, philosophy, developing among the citizens thought and taste and refining the art of social intercourse.

The identification and actual interfusion of such a spiritual element with the physical and practical exigencies of political life was but short-lived. The coarser and sterner elements of physical power, and especially the internal dissensions among the various elements in a democracy, led to the downfall of the political dominance, the hegemony of Athens. But here comes the consoling feature inherent in the things of the mind and the spirit, in truth and beauty: that, having once been manifested and realized, through their tenacious vitality, they cannot be utterly undone; and, like the phœnix, they arise again out of the ashes in new forms and permeate and modify even that which may have been the physical cause of the destruction of their actual empire. Hellenic culture becomes an integral part of the robust and purely warlike life of the Macedonian Empire; and through Alexander the Great it is carried into the remotest parts of the ancient world, so that we meet with the influence of Hellenic art in the Far East among the remains discovered there in our own days; it becomes the cement which holds together the rough blocks from which the great structure of Roman society is built up in the time of Cæsar and his imperial successors, welding together the discordant racial and social elements of the Italic Peninsula, and, subsequently, of the discordant peoples all over the ancient Roman world. It is revived during the Italian Renaissance, and its leading elements still furnish us with that ideal of culture in our own days, which can never be dissociated from the Athens of Pericles.

No doubt when we study the complex and wonderful constitution of Athens we realize how, even in the eighth and seventh centuries B.C., the constant and gradual changes in the administration of political life in this small community reflect the growth of their civilized and intelligent existence; until we come to that wonderful achievement in the constitution given by Solon, which in a singular manner seems to anticipate many of the political and social difficulties with which we are now grappling in our own days. No doubt also we must look upon Themistocles as the actual initiator of Attic Imperialism, which put that city in the position of claiming the hegemony of the great Greek confederation after the Persian aggressor had been driven back.

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His patriotic and statesman-like zeal led him rightly to begin with the establishment of security at home and maritime power abroad. He might thus be considered the founder of Athenian supremacy. Without Themistocles no Pericles and no Periclean Athens. But I should like to add: without Pericles no Athens and no Hellenism as we know it. Nor must we forget what was done by Cimon in the advance of culture at Athens.

Even before Themistocles, however, the distinctive element which Pericles gave to the world's history was in some way anticipated; and this I hold was done by Pisistratus.

To put the case shortly: the two elements that had to be combined by Pericles into the actual life of the Athenian people and the confederacy of Greek states as an organic whole were culture, on the one hand, and, on the other, the power of Athens, which should make it the leader in a confederation of the whole Hellenic people. In a very interesting article recently published, Mr. Guy Dickins has shown how Sparta, under Chilon, the contemporary of Pisistratus, pursued a non-imperialistic policy which directly discouraged the higher forms of culture.[1] Scholars and historians such as Wilamovitz-Moellendorff, Meyer, and Busolt have maintained on strong grounds that there was a conscious Pan-Ionic element in the politics of Athens of this period. It is also clear that "Ionia" stood for "culture" as opposed to Dorianism even in those days. But I venture to maintain, that in the mind of Pisistratus Pan-Ionianism was conceived as a step to the wider conception of Pan-Hellenism, which he realized in a more embryonic form than the clear conception given to it after the Persian War in the Periclean age.

Culture is the pursuit of the things of the mind for their own sake. It thus leads to philosophy and science and to art in all its forms. But, in order that this culture should be evolved and grow and become efficient and practically potent as a leading feature in actual political and national life, we must have wealth—wealth as leading to the surplusage of energy and to leisure. So long as the individual man or a nation is driven to expend all energy in merely providing for physical existence there is no room for culture. As leisure implies spare time beyond that required for active work, and as leisure is essential to recreation, to play of

[1] *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, 1912, p. 25.

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the body and of the mind, so we require a surplusage of energy which leads us to exert our energies in physical or mental play in all those occupations which are not directly called forth by the pressure of needs actually before our eyes. Necessity may be the mother of invention; but it is not likely that man can approach and solve the problems of higher mathematics and physics, or create great works of art, when the one thing that he must do is to make his spade or his plow, his flint arrow-head or hatchet or knife, in order to subsist at all. It is a most characteristic and singular fact that the ancient Greeks, who gave the world culture, were the first people who produced a system of athletic games as a most important part of their life. This could not have been the case if they had not possessed that surplusage of time, coupled with energy, which enabled them to *play,* to find satisfaction and pleasure in physical exertion and energy for its own sake, and in the production of things of the mind for the sake of their beauty and truth. In economical terms this means wealth.

The first requisite, therefore, was an economical one to produce this surplusage of wealth and leisure. This Pisistratus realized and endeavored to supply. By carrying on the injunctions of Solon he restored the national prosperity of the Athenian people by economical enactments within and, in the second place, enlarged the sphere by developing the foreign relations of economical life in commerce and industry. The extension of foreign commerce through colonization and the employment of Athenian capital (his own in the Chersonesus) led to the increase of the navy and definite foreign and imperial policy.

That he clearly recognized the need for the coalition of all the Greek states and, at the same time, entertained the hope that Athens should be the leader in this federation, is clear from the fact, that he used the two elements which should thus combine them in this sense. Pisistratus recognized that the most powerful factors to bring about such a federation, based upon the consciousness of national unity, were and always are, language and religion, including the traditions and customs of peoples with regard to their common past.

To begin with religion. The divinity which stands for the supreme national unity in the complex and confused polytheistic system of ancient Greek mythology is Zeus,

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who became the Pan-Hellenic Zeus of the fifth century, really the creation of that age. It is significant that Pisistratus establishes and develops the position of this ruling divinity for the whole Greek people and began on a colossal scale the erection of the temple at Athens which was only completed in Roman times.

Thus in giving definite organization to the mythological system of ancient Greece as laid down in the Homeric poems (which have frequently, with some justification, been called the Bible of the ancient Hellenic world) he provided Greece with a definite national religion embodying all the independent local forms of worship and traditions into a more or less harmonious system, the Pan-Hellenic Zeus ruling over all supreme. He thus gave religious expression to the federation and unity of the Hellenic people on the political side. There is no doubt that he also desired to draw in the Ionic people, especially in the personality of Apollo, to whom he erected a temple. But within this system, corresponding to the aims which he had for the predominance of Athens within the federation, it is distinctly his endeavor to give marked prominence to the worship of Athene, who henceforth was to be markedly associated with the Attic people. There is evidence to show that in the earlier days Athene was an agricultural divinity of the Attic peasantry. In the time of Pisistratus, corresponding to the development of the Attic polity, she became the Panathenaic Athene, a most important figure among the Olympians of ancient Greece. It was he or Solon who first put the head of Athene on the coins of ancient Athens, and this archaic type survived for many generations after the type of the goddess had been beautified and ennobled by the great artists of the Pheidiac period. Whether the story of his entering Athens with Phya from Pæania, disguised as Athene, is strictly true or not, it does indicate the close relationship which he strove to establish between his rule and this divinity, henceforth to symbolize the political dominance of the Athenian people.

It is he who builds the great temple, the Hekatompedos, on the Acropolis, the remains of which have been so ingeniously identified by Dr. Doerpfeld. This temple is to be distinguished from the Parthenon, which in the days of Pericles gave the clearest expression to Attic hegemony. The older (Palaios) Temple of Athene is confusedly interwoven with the Erechtheum and was no doubt built on the

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site and joined onto the house of Erechtheus, as the cultus of Erechtheus and Poseidon are themselves mixed up with the cult of Athene. But it is significant to note that what might have been a kingly palace in the Minoan and Mycenæan ages, especially when democracy is for the time superseded by the rule of a tyrant, now becomes a religious and national monument in the temple of Athene. This marks the difference, which I have long ago [1] endeavored to make clear, between the *palatial* character of the art of the Minoan and Mycenæan periods as compared with the *national* character of Hellenic art in the historical period, the beginnings of which are especially associated with Pisistratus.

So also he developed this national feeling by that most important act of his, the editing and publication of the Homeric poems,[2] which became in this respect the most effective and direct means of uniting the Greek peoples among one another. On the other hand, the Homeric poems did not tend to support the Attic hegemony, which he had in his mind. As has been amply recognized by Homeric scholars, the passages referring to Athens and Theseus were interpolated at that time. It is especially in the cult and the development of the whole heroic story of Theseus, further consummated in the time of Cimon, that this conscious tendency on the part of Pisistratus is to be noted. It is again only in the age of Cimon and Pericles that this primary action on the part of Pisistratus receives full expression. It is only then, for instance, that in vase representations the favorite labors of Hercules are superseded by the exploits of Theseus. But it is with Pisistratus that the beginnings of this cult of Theseus, as the distinctively Attic hero, are made. It is easy to recognize how the personality of Theseus, his life, and his exploits are based upon, or modified by, the traditions concerning Hercules. This mytho-poetic process may even have arisen out of the

[1] See THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, March, 1901.

[2] Whether we hold the view of P. Cauer, who maintains that the Homeric poems were first put in writing by Pisistratus, or accept the refutation of this view by Rothe; whether we accept the statement of Cicero or explain much of all these traditions by definite machinations of Megusian writers (see the most recent interesting article in the *Classical Quarterly*, January, 1913, by Mr. T. W. Allen), it cannot be doubted by anybody that Pisistratus introduced the recitation of these poems into the Greater Panathenaic games, and that he did much to emphasize their importance as an integral part of Greek national culture.

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anticipated rivalry between Athens and Sparta in that the Attic people desired to have a non-Dorian Heracles of their own. Yet there is no doubt that by pushing Theseus forward on the horizon of dominant heroic figures Pisistratus and his followers meant to give a religious or quasi-religious justification to their actual aims in practical politics. This, no doubt, was the universal method adopted in the tradition of the ancient world. To illustrate it in other spheres I need but point to the method adopted by Pindar in his odes, by Attic vases, prize vases—in fact, by the decoration with mythological scenes in so many great edifices of ancient Hellas. In Cimon's time Theseus certainly had an important temple dedicated to himself, though the beautiful extant temple, commonly called Theseum, cannot be identified with that building.

Pisistratus realized how language and literature and art were the most efficient means for instituting national unity and, in their turn again, for giving prominence to Athens as the central home of literature and art. The redaction of the Homeric poems was thus not only efficient in giving system and national unity to the religion and heroic traditions, as well as to the literary art of the several Greek peoples, but also in directly unifying the language.

We cannot exaggerate the direct political effectiveness and significance of these poems for the Greek peoples. Let me but point to one illuminating fact. The subjects chosen for the artistic decoration of the implements of peace and war as described in the Homeric poems themselves—for instance, on the shield of Achilles—are all taken from actual life and in no way from national mythology or heroölogy. These stories did not exist at the time in intelligible form; in fact, only these poems made them accessible and familiar to the Greek-speaking people. The works that have come down to us from the Minoan and Mycenæan ages are in the same way decorated with scenes of actual life, and in no way render mythological or heroic stories. It is only with the chest of Kypselos that the mythological and heroic traditions have so far become the common property of the Greek peoples so as to be utilized in art through the spread of these very epic poems which we call Homeric. From that time on these traditions became the source of all literary and artistic treatment. Not only in the metopes and pediments, on the vases and bronzes and terra-cottas, but in the great

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tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, nay, throughout the whole of Greek literature, the mythical and heroic stories, as deposited in these poems, become the subjects for the highest manifestation of art in every one of its departments. The passages dealing with, describing, and praising the Olympian Zeus of Pheidias, directly refer to the adequacy with which the sculptor has expressed the conceptions which Homer forms of that divinity. When we realize the significance of these poems in their bearing upon the intellectual and artistic life of the ancient Greeks, we can realize, what Pisistratus saw, the influence which they would have in uniting the Greek peoples, and the political and social value of their actual publication and dissemination.

At the same time, by thus making Athens the literary and distributing center for the literature, the home of the libraries, he intended to make it the artistic center, the center of culture for the whole of Greece. That he desired to direct wealth into the channels of public, not of personal and domestic, art, was manifested by the erection for the first time in Athens of great temples on a large scale to which I have referred. I do not venture to decide whether the development of the cult of Dionysus and the erection of an earlier temple to him is to be ascribed to Pisistratus or his sons or a subsequent generation. As a less artistic, but important, adjunct to civilized life, we must also recall his gift to Athens of the magnificent improvement in the water-supply of the city by the construction of the Enneacrunus, of which the remains have been excavated in our own days. He consciously meant to make Athens the most beautiful and civilized city of Greece, an ideal finally realized by Pericles.

Lastly, it is important, in illustration of his policy, to consider his action in founding the Greater Panathenæa (Penteteris) in addition to the lesser, or yearly, Panathenæa, the origin of which was ascribed to Erechtheus and Theseus. The early Panathenæa also served as a chronological landmark by which the yearly offices could be measured, as the Olympic festivals served as a chronological division for the whole of Greece. Pisistratus, while no doubt recognizing the direct practical and political significance of the Olympic festivals as a chronological system for the Pan-Hellenic federation, tried to enforce the Panathenaic unity by adopt-

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ing the division into four years of the Greater Panathenaic festival. It is an approach in mind to this larger spirit of federation, bringing the Attic people into an immediate relationship to it, which foreshadowed its political leadership. It is interesting to note how every step in the advance of the Attic polity is associated directly with this central festival, which originally had a purely political significance. We might almost say that the history of the Panathenaic festival marks, in its main lines, the history of the Attic people. It certainly was at one time identified with the Synoikia or Synoikysmos, which meant the closer unity of the separate Attic communities, tribes, and families, with the Acropolis as the local center and fortress. This step is again associated in Attic tradition with Erechtheus and Theseus, the founders of the Panathenæa and of the Synoikia. Pisistratus introduces the Greater Panathenæa and the recitation of the Homeric poems, while Pericles still further enriches the musical contests. Politics, religion, games, and art are thus all fused together to give predominance to the Attic state.[1] I have long since endeavored to show how Theseus becomes mixed up in this festival with Athene and her cult and how the political question of the growing sea-power of the Attic people affects the rites and ceremonies of Theseus and Athene. For the *peplos* of Athene, the dedication of which at one time formed a central part in the ceremonies of the festival, subsequently takes the shape of the sail on the ship which is dragged through the streets up to the Acropolis and is a survival of the Delian mission and the Thesean story, while at the same time it directly refers to the maritime element in the national life of the Athenian people.

I venture to hold that there is hardly any act of Pisistratus which does not tend to show, that there was present in his mind some conception of an Hellenic federation such as Pericles definitely attempted to achieve, in which Athens should be the leading state, and that this leadership, moreover, should be based on the superior culture of the Attic people.

[1] *American Journal of Archæology,* Vol. I., No. 1, 1885; and *Essays on the Art of Pheidias,* Note E, p. 253, 1886.

SIR CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

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SYMBOLISTIC POETRY IN FRANCE

BY WILLIAM A. NITZE

"THE essence of poetry," says Herder, "is in the magic power that cleaves to words, a magic power that works upon my soul through fantasy and recollection." While it is not true that all poetry has this function, the particular kind we are to consider possesses it to an eminent degree—a fact admirably brought out by the American critic whose English rendering I have just quoted. The "magic power" to which Herder refers is obviously what is otherwise called the power of suggestion, and this quality is at the basis of French symbolism.

Now, all art is necessarily concerned with symbols, since every work of art is an image or emblem of something else. When Audrey inquires naïvely of Touchstone in "As You Like It" what poetry is: "Is it honest in word and deed? Is it a *real* thing?" she is propounding a question (though she knows it not) that Plato had presumably answered centuries ago when he condemned poetry for its departure from the Truth, being the imitation by the poet of an imitation in Nature of an idea in the mind of God. Yet no one would rashly deny that Plato is himself an artist, a creator of symbols in the highest sense; for what else are the great concepts of Truth, Love, and Beauty but three symbols of the Absolute, which he has vitalized for all men and all time? "Man," said Carlyle, "consciously or unconsciously, lives, works, and has his being . . . in and through symbols"; and it is the function of art to employ the symbol: image, sound, word, or gesture for its own sake, with reference to the effect it makes, the emotion it awakens, the pleasure it gives.

Since, then, the material of art is the symbol, we may note at once that in the hands of the artist the symbol is capable of two different interpretations. The work of art

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may be symbolical or it may be symbolistic, and the modern (romantic) tendency has been to keep the two qualities distinct by over-emphasizing the second.

In the primary sense of the symbolical the symbol is an immediate image of something in nature. We say "house" and there rises at once before our mind's eye the particular structure of stone and mortar which we so designate. The prime *raison d'être* of the symbol, therefore, is its expressiveness, and its aim is to be definite and absolute, in the domain of art to give concrete form to an idea which has a definite range. The Greek artist in search of an expression of divine beauty bodies it forth in the perfect image of the Venus of Milo. From this point of view the symbolical is a definition, and since every definition is also a negation the symbol thus conceived attains to perfection by the extent to which its outlines are clear and precise to the exclusion of what lies beyond its immediate object.

The symbolistic, on the other hand, is the reverse of the definite and absolute. It is the relative *par excellence* and its outlines are more often obscure than clear. When it represents, as it needs must, it does not imitate closely. In fact, symbolism has been defined as a "representation which does not aim to be a reproduction." In sharp contrast to the symbolical, the symbolistic calls forth, evokes, prompts, or suggests what cannot be imitated directly—namely, the secret quality or essence of things: the unexplained and inexplicable, the intangible and illusive, the fugitive and unattainable, what lies beyond the world of rational control; in short, the purely imaginative.

On the whole, English poetry, with its strong bent for idealism, tends in this direction, although few English poets are strictly symbolistic. We expect the poet to "imagine" the universe for us, as Shelley so admirably says,

> "to hope till Hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates."

Whereas the French, with their attachment to the real and their passion for clear-cut ideas, instinctively move along the opposite path of endowing *what is* with the permanency of form. "Nothing is beautiful but the true," said Boileau; and by truth he meant rational truth, which all men are capable of understanding. For this reason the question is so often asked among us: Are French poets poetical? And

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can we call a poem that which leaves nothing unsaid, nothing to be added by the reader's fancy? But such a view of poetry is necessarily one-sided; and the Frenchman can retort, Poetry is not an individual frenzy or madness, but a rational exercise of taste and talent, and its appeal is universal and not individualistic. Moreover, fundamentally expression and suggestion are not incompatible in human nature, however much we may be tempted to give this or that principle our national preference. Thus a single word may be expressive in what it really states and suggestive in the ideas it prompts in others. Or, to employ the language of grammar, a word may denote one thing and connote another. Renan once said to Tennyson, "*La vérité, Monsieur, est dans une nuance*"; and the particular difference the symbolists exemplify is this principle of connotation as distinguished from that of denotation, in literature as well as in language. In other words, the symbolists in France make into a conscious—one might almost say a rational—maxim of art, what romanticists like Herder considered to be a fixed principle of poetry, and it is in the light of this intention that we should judge their work.

There is an example in English verse which will serve to illustrate the distinction just noted besides showing how symbolism, in the stricter sense, takes its start. It is a short poem by William Morris, which his editor, Alfred Noyes, regards as characteristic of Morris's manner. While the poem is not yet genuinely symbolistic, it shows clearly at what point mere expressiveness ceases and the world of suggestion begins. It reads:

"'Twas in Church on Palm Sunday
Listening what the priest did say
Of the kiss that did betray,

"That the thought did come to me
How the olives used to be
Growing in Gethsemane.

"That the thought upon me came
Of the lantern's steady flame,
Of the softly whispered name.

"Of how kiss and words did sound
While the olives stood around,
While the robe lay on the ground.

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"Then the words the Lord did speak
And that kiss in Holy Week
Dreams of many a kiss did make."

. . . . . .

"It is obvious," says the commentator, "that Morris was not exactly listening to 'what the priest did say' from a 'High Churchman's' point of view, but simply and solely from the point of view of the artist. Even in church he was striving to build a 'shadowy isle of bliss midmost the beatings of the steely sea.'" Or scientifically stated, he was extracting from a given situation an emotional evaluation out of all proportion to what the circumstances would seem to warrant. Through "fantasy" or "recollection"—or both—Morris was employing the passion of Gethsemane as the representation of other passions no less real, but infinitely less sublime and heroic. This emotional unrestraint is characteristic of symbolistic art, at least in the beginning; and in kind, though not in degree, the same process is at work when Diderot speaks of distinguishing voices as "blond or brunette," when Flaubert characterizes Rodolphe's passion for Emma in the words, "*Il admirait son exaltation d'âme et la dentelle sur sa jupe,*" or, finally, when the gentle Gérard de Nerval in the naïveté of his madness claims that an apron-string is the garter of the Queen of Sheba, or that the reason he led a lobster about at the end of a blue string was because it knew the secrets of the deep; the visionary had simply lost control of his visions, for Gérard could write what he justly called *vers dorés:*

"Respecte dans la bête un esprit agissant:
Chaque fleur est une âme à la nature éclose;
Un mystère d'amour dans le métal repose;
'Tout est sensible!' Et tout sur ton être est puissant."

It seems a far cry from the Tennysonian England of Morris to the France of Gautier and Baudelaire. And yet, in spite of appearances to the contrary, there was much more kinship of feeling between the generations of 1860 on either side of the Channel than one would commonly suppose. It is well to say "feeling" and not "ideals," because the backgrounds were in most respects quite different. On the one side the Victorian reign of respectability was in full sway, whereas on the other the tawdry régime of the Second Empire was concealing with difficulty the cankers

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that were undermining French society. However, in England, as in France, the thundercloud of Darwinism was brooding heavily on the spiritual horizon; and creed and system were tumbling pell-mell into "the intellectual melting-pot." Already the charnel-house of the mind was encumbered with the broken bones of human illusions. Baudelaire said:

> *"Mon âme est un tombeau que, mauvais cénobite,*
> *Depuis l'éternité je parcours et j'habite."*

Christianity itself was pronounced a fiction, its founder—according to Strauss (David F.)—an idea, and the soul, the suffering, browbeaten soul which it pretended to save, a nervous fluid, which Zola said some scientist was about to bottle up in his laboratory. Even Balzac's vast "*Comédie Humaine,*" vitalized as it is, throbs mainly with the animalistic impulse of material possession. Thus had the romantic dream of idealism and faith vanished before the cold, strong light of Science, and the fabric of human institutions was quaking in its foundations.

But what of Art? Was it too to fall a victim to the universal disaffection and *Ennui?* If it had lost the power to please, could it not at least console? Had Poetry, *cette petite fleur bleue,* lost all its charm? Certainly Nature, however implacable, was still beautiful, and if Science had ruthlessly rent her veil of mystery, the human eye could still find delight in line, color, and form:

> *"Je suis belle, O mortels! comme un rêve de pierre,*
> *Et mon sein, où chacun s'est meurtri tour à tour,*
> *Est fait pour inspirer au poète un amour*
> *Eternel et muet ainsi que la matière.*
>
> *"Je trône dans l'azur comme un sphinx incompris;*
> *J'unis un cœur de neige à la blancheur des cygnes;*
> *Je hais le mouvement qui déplace les lignes;*
> *Et jamais je ne pleure et jamais je ne ris."*

Thus, let the word be soulless and unfeeling, man could lose himself in its sensuous beauty, and failing that he could renounce. The Pariah could turn Buddhist and pass into a Nirvana as a last resort. Meanwhile the poet craves expression and finds it in a defiant utterance on the eternity of Art for Art's sake:

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"Les dieux eux-mêmes meurent
Mais les vers souverains
Demeurent
Plus forts que les airains."

And so it happens that words, as such, are fraught with an importance they but rarely possess. With striking flexibility they do wonders in portraying the visible image of things. In itself this idea was not new. Hugo's "*Les Orientales*"—in 1829—exemplify it profusely. As early as the Renaissance critics had made the poet the creator of language in obedience to the Horatian view that he was the author of civilization. And by an easy twist language became the criterion of judging a poet and assumed an esthetic value quite apart from the particular significance any individual might impart to it. Gradually thus there arose the attempt of judging words with reference to the psychological laws of color and form. The point of view, of course, is pre-eminently French, although there have been well-known poets in Germany and England who have accepted it; for example, Tieck or Rossetti. Almost plaintively Catulle Mendès cried out, "*Il y a cette redoutable netteté de notre langue, il y a cette terrible précision de la langue française.*" Yet that aids rather than retards the formalistic tendency. "Words," said Bourget, "live the life of human beings. They breathe and throb, they are noble, they are plebeian. Some are sublime, some infamous. They possess a physiognomy, a physiology, a psychology quite their own." Lafcadio Hearn used to say that he could never get away from the obsession of certain words—a statement which recalls that of Oscar Wilde that "actions are the first tragedy of life, words the second. Words perhaps are the worse; they are pitiless."

In Gautier and the school of art for art's sake, however, words are entirely "objective." Whatever qualities they possess must be readily apprehensible to every artistic mind, to every lover of the beautiful. "*Je suis un homme,*" he said, "*pour lequel le monde visible existe*"; and it is necessary to add that to him and his immediate followers the visible world was the only reality. As a consequence his school carried visualization in speech to the utmost. Gautier himself was a word-painter; "*au poète impeccable, au parfait magicien ès lettres françaises*" are the glowing terms with which Baudelaire dedicated to him "*Les Fleurs*

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du Mal." That he valued the plastic above other qualities appears distinctly in the advice he gives to poets in his "Triumph of Petrarch":

> "Like an alabaster vase in which burns a light,
> Sink deep the idea into the sculptured form,
> And with a glowing flame make the tomb bright."

Sainte-Beuve says that Gautier has recourse to the word-image "as if it were a veil"; magically his sentiment assumes a transparent and figurative shape. But if Gautier succeeds here, Leconte de Lisle is the true Parnassian. With him poetry has the effect of stone and Heredia chisels it into marble. These are the real sculptors in poetic art. Now, beyond this point pure expressiveness could not go and with Heredia the poetry of formal perfection ends in its own realization.

Meantime, however, the angle of vision changes. The alabaster vase in which Gautier sought to confine poetry had overflowed. The contours of the visible were incapable of holding all that the soul poured into them. As yet the form stood secure, but steadily the flood from within was threatening destruction. Baudelaire, the disciple of Gautier, had passed the point where his master would follow. In a letter of 1857 Sainte-Beuve writes:

> "You too are of the school of Art for Art's sake, you too belong to those who seek poetry everywhere; but since your forerunners have left your little room, since the heavenly and earthly fields are all garnered, since you are the last, you have said to yourself, I fancy, I shall not seek in vain, I shall find poetry again where no one else has thought of gathering it and expressing it."

Scrupulous artist that Baudelaire was, he was unable, however, to brook the bankruptcy of the ideal world. Temperamentally he revolted at the thought of surrender to the impersonal. If there were no Paradise beyond life, he would construct one by artificial means. At all events, there was sensation and he would elevate it, refine it, polish it, Petrarchize it—as Sainte-Beuve says—and make it the burden of art.

> "*La Nature est un temple où de vivants piliers*
> *Laissent parfois sortir de confuses paroles;*
> *L'homme y passe à travers des forêts de symboles*
> *Qui l'observent avec des regards familiers.*

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Comme de longs échos qui de loin se confondent
Dans une ténébreuse et profonde unité,
Vaste comme la nuit et comme la clarté,
Les parfums, les couleurs et les sons se répondent."

And having interrogated sentient Nature, he would consult Death, for Death on its biological side as the great transformer was a thought that the most impersonal of men could not escape.

Doubtless this touches upon madness, and like Poe, whom he imitated, the poet of "*Les Fleurs du Mal,*" or, as the subtitle is "*Les Fleurs Maladives,*" may be "three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths mere fudge." It does not, moreover, increase our present-day sympathy with him to know that his "soul floated on perfumes as the souls of other men float on music," that he liked the bizarre, the baroque, the anti-natural, believing that depravity of instinct, unknown to the beast, is the sign of the truly great soul, nor that he endeavored to create the unknown world of dreams and sensations by the use of *hashish,* although Gautier takes pains to assure us that this drug was not responsible for Baudelaire's paralysis.

The *Paradis Artificiels* is the minute, pathological record of the strange hallucinations the *hashish* produced, in which, according to his own account, he felt his personality magnified beyond measure with his characteristic sensibilities keyed to a concert pitch. Then it was that

"the walls of the room (at the Hôtel Pimodan) ceased to be opaque and became translucent and semi-transparent, opening up a hazy perspective deep and bluish, like a window looking out upon the Infinite. Nymphs and goddesses descended majestically from pictures and tapestries, statues in the corners revealed their mythological nudity, and maggots cut faces on the corner shelves."

Or take the "*Illusion Magique*" from *Little Poems in Prose:*

"From the top of her fleecy stairway the moon bends down over the cradle of the sleeping child, bathing it in a flood of light and in the poisonous wildfire of her rays. Like some fairy godmother, she endows the sleeping infant with wonderful and mysterious gifts, and she whispers gently into its ear: Hold forever the magic of my kiss, be beautiful as I am beautiful. Love what I love and that which loves me. The limpid water, the clouds, silence, darkness, the immense green sea, the place where thou art not and can never be, the lover whom thou shalt never know, the flowers of monstrous size, the perfumes that cloy the will, the cats lulled by music, whose cry is like the voice of women, sweet but shrill."

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Obviously the illusion for the sake of illusion is here sought at some cost, and this "dalliance of soul and sense" would soon exhaust the reader's patience were it not that absolute sincerity is one of the dominant traits of Baudelaire's genius. Never did a man strive more ardently, in the Emersonian phrase, "to hitch his wagon to a star." Nor, as a consequence, is there a career more profoundly tragic. We may disapprove of the extraordinary lucubrations to which his gloomy and, doubtless, satanic fancy led him, but that his convictions are heartfelt even his enemies admit. Harken, for example, to the majestic stanzas of "*Le Voyage,*" that epitome of the wreck of every human illusion save Death:

"Un matin nous partons, le cœur plein de flamme,
Le cœur gros de rancune et de désirs amers,
Et nous allons, suivant le rythme de la lame,
Berçant notre infini sur le fini des mers:

"Chaque îlot signalé par l'homme de vigie,
Est un Eldorado promis par le Destin;
L'imagination qui dresse son orgie
Ne trouve qu'un récif aux clartés du matin.

"O le pauvre amoureux des pays chimériques!
Faut-il le mettre aux fers, le jeter à la mer,
Ce matelot ivrogne, inventeur d'Amériques
Dont le mirage rend le gouffre plus amer!

"O Mort, vieux capitaine, il est temps! levons l'ancre
Ce pays nous ennuie, ô Mort! Appareillons!
Si le ciel et la mer sont noirs comme de l'encre,
Nos cœurs que tu connais sont remplis de rayons!

"Verse-nous ton poison pour qu'il nous réconforte;
Nous voulons, tant ce feu nous brûle le cerveau,
Plonger au fond du gouffre, Enfer ou Ciel, qu'importe?
Au fond de L'Inconnu pour trouver du nouveau."

The triumphant closing line, "*Au fond de L'Inconnu pour trouver du nouveau,*" more even than Baudelaire's belief in correspondences, voices his contribution. The "soul floating on perfumes" had formulated the universal longing. But was there an Unknown? Had not the Positivists shown there was none in the sense Baudelaire meant? At least none that the mind could grasp as an entity through the reason. The fact that Comte, the originator of positivism, stood for immanence in place of transcendence was of no value, or its value was not at first understood. But if

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this be the mind's verdict, what of the emotions? Having ceased to believe and think, could we cease to feel and imagine? Or must the poet go the way Nietzsche was to indicate and transvalue his values, regarding "all ideals and all faith as themselves a product of decadence and the cause of deeper decay"? Long ago Pascal had said, "*Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît point.*" But that was only a rationalist's return to the Augustinian doctrine of self-abasement. Here, then, lies the crux of the symbolists' point of view; and from this moment their advance into the foreground is assured. In shutting the door upon the past and looking resolutely into the future in their reliance on primal, intuitive emotion, the symbolists react against the Parnassians in art and bring back literature to life. To be sure, we must not think of them as transcending nature, as breaking through the clouds, like Shelley, into the starlit empyrean. They do not "outsoar the shadow of our night." The road they travel is of the earth and, therefore, earthy, encumbered, as it were, with the débris and protoplasms of biological life. They touch close upon the point where death and life commingle: where the decadent and corrupt give rise to new forms of being, where the dung-heap of to-day is the flower-bed of to-morrow. Rapidly, however, they work away from this position to the realm of pure mystery, to where night broods over the silent waters, to where doors creak significantly on their rusty hinges, to where time and place are annihilated by the contact with eternity. Life might be a continual "flux," a continual succession, or, as Nietzsche claimed, a "recurrence"; at least it was animated and it moved onward if not upward. The supernatural in the sense of the superrational might be a lie; there still remained the sub-natural, the sub-rational, the sub-conscious to reckon with. And its realm was not bounded by philosophies and systems — by any demonstrable interest in man as the highest form of creation. No; the center of the universe was not to be found in the human brain except as a part of the multifarious and limitless phenomena of nature. Thus regarded Baudelaire's "*Fleurs du Mal*," in spite of their pungent odor, are not wholly the exotic and artificial things they appear to be, not simply the vagaries of a madman's fancy, but justifiable and in a sense necessary.

But Baudelaire, interesting as he is, was only a fore-

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runner. His mysticism, like that of Morris, is mainly of the flesh. Of genuine symbolism he possessed what the French call the *don de correspondance,* but he had little else. As we now approach the symbolist proper—and I shall deal mainly with the greatest of them—we note as characteristic: first, how intentionally vague their ideas are in presentation, and, secondly, how they strive to deepen the mystery through the choice of words with reference to light and sound rather than color or form.

> *"Car nous voulons la Nuance encor,*
> *Pas la couleur, rien que la nuance!*
> *Oh! la nuance seule fiance*
> *Le rêve au rêve et la flûte au cor."*

"Poetry being at once word and music," says Stuart Merrill, "is wonderfully prone to that suggestion of an infinite which is often only the indefinite." Much depends here upon what you mean by the indefinite. If you have in mind the clearly immaterial, the distinctly spiritual, the manifest impression of experience with dreams rather than with facts, the indefinite may assume the permanency of one of Verlaine's masterpieces.

> *"Dans le vieux parc, solitaire et glacé,*
> *Deux spectres ont évoqué le passé.*
>
> *"Leurs yeux sont morts et leurs lèvres molles,*
> *Et l'on entend à peine leur paroles.*
>
> *"Dans le vieux parc, solitaire et glacé,*
> *Deux spectres ont évoqué le passé.*
>
> *"— Te souvient-il de notre extase ancienne?*
> *— Pourquoi voulez-vous donc qu'l m'en souvienne?*
>
> *"— Ton cœur bat-il toujours à mon seul nom?*
> *— Toujours vois-tu mon âme en rêve—Non."*

But if the indefinite be sought for its own sake the tendency soon degenerates into a pose and affectation, as when René Ghil in "*Le Geste Inconnu*" leaves two pages blank and at the foot of the second page sums up his silence—or shall we say vacuity—with the resonant verse,

> *"Mille sanglots plangorent là."*

In Pierre Quillard's mystery, "*La Fille aux Mains Coupées,*" the only stage direction is that "the action takes place anywhere, or, rather, in the Middle Ages."

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And Régnier, who is certainly a poet, is truly Shakespearian in violating geography, as when he places a forest on the delta of the river Nile near the Sphinx and the Pyramids.

This vagueness is, as we have seen, inherent in symbolistic thought. Man divines rather than sees distinctly what is going on about him. He feels even when he cannot apprehend the latent relationships of the physical universe with his spiritual being. Compare, for instance, Rodenbach's "*La Pluie*" or the closing stanza of his "*Vieux Quais*":

> "*Et l'on devine au loin le musicien sombre,*
> *Pauvre, morne, qui joue au bord croulant des toits;*
> *La tristesse du soir a passé dans ses doigts,*
> *Et dans sa flûte à trous il fait chanter de l'ombre.*"

Or the following from Gustave Kahn's "*Chantonne Lentement*" (hum slowly):

> "*D'où donc ce frisselis* (quiverishness) *d'émoi qui me pénètre,*
> *D'où très mesurément ce rythme mou d'andante?*
> *Il circule là-bas, aux blancheurs des fenêtres,*
> *De bougeuses moiteurs, des ailes succédantes.*"

Or, indeed, the unexplained sorrow of Verlaine's "Romance without Words":

> "*Il pleure dans mon cœur*
> *Comme il pleut sur la ville,*
> *Quelle est cette langueur*
> *Qui pénètre mon cœur?*
>
> . . . . .
>
> "*Il pleure sans raison*
> *Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.*
> *Quoi! nulle trahison?*
> *Ce deuil est sans raison.*
>
> "*C'est bien la pire peine*
> *De ne savoir pourquoi,*
> *Sans amour et sans haine,*
> *Mon cœur a tant de peine.*"
>
> . . . . .

This is of the very essence of symbolism: the certainty of unknown and unattainable causes; the melancholy not of parting but of nature in her sorrowful moods, the dream life realized and made palpable to us. That is why so much symbolistic verse deals with autumn, the season when the leaves fall, or with the shadowy twilight, or with the moonlight falling through the forest trees, or with any uninhabited, dark, and dank place. In short, wherever a mystery

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lurks. Compare, in this connection, the awesome silence that hangs over Maeterlinck's "*Pélléas et Mélisande*," like fate in ancient tragedy, with the glowing radiance of Verlaine's "*Bonne Chanson*":

"*La lune blanche*
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée—
O bien aimée.

"*L'étang reflète*
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure—
Rêvons, c'est l'heure."

Other poets, other themes. In René Ghil the mystical Orient also comes in for its share of treatment. Symbolism does not seek exclusively the gray skies and solitary forests of the North, though this is prevailingly so.

To speak now of the *technique* of Symbolism, it is the recognized function of the symbolist poet to create in his reader a certain *état d'âme*—that is, an emotional disposition favorable to stimulus from without. Poet and reader must share this state of sensibility if they are both to experience the contact with the world of intuitions. Thus will the reader also become creative and feel arise in himself shapes and figures stimulated by his own fancy; and the unseen world will be to him a reality. To achieve this, one is tempted to say, poetic hypnosis necessitates an entire change of *technique* from that of the school of Art for Art's sake. The prime object of verse being no longer to define, but to suggest, the method of the plastic arts had to be abandoned. Mallarmé, the law-giver of the new school, said, "To name is to destroy." "To name an object is to take away three-fourths of the pleasure afforded by a poem." Words (and all that is meant by "words") are to be chosen, then, for their associations rather than their inherent meanings. Above all, the musical quality of words is important, for music is the least plastic of the fine arts. Here we approach closest to "the magic power that cleaves to words" of which Herder had spoken. Verlaine formulates this idea in his advice to his contemporaries:

"*De la musique avant toute chose,*"

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and he at once specifies:

> *"Et pour cela préfère l'Impair*
> *Plus vague et plus souple dans l'air";*

for the symbolist symbol must not convey directly, but by implication; and it is music in a so-called elemental, sublimated sense that the real symbolists, at least the later ones, seek. Hence the attempt by some to revive the primitive principles of verse, alliteration, and assonance; as, for example, Merrill's

> "*M*odule en *mal* d'a*mour* sa *molle mél*odie."

Or Verlaine's

> *"C'est à cause du clair de la lune*
> *Que j'assume ce masque nocturne,*
> *Et de Saturne penchant son urne,*
> *Et de ces lunes, l'une après l'une."*

As for the Impair or "unequal line," it has its most successful wielder in Régnier. Take this example:

> *"Alor j'ai dit: 'Voici des flûtes et des corbeilles,*
> *Mordez aux fruits;*
> *Ecoutez chanter les abeilles*
> *Et l'humble bruit*
> *De l'osier vert qu'on tresse et des roseaux qu'on coupe.'*
> *J'ai dit encore: 'Ecoute,*
> *Ecoute,*
> *Il y a quelqu'un derrière l'écho,*
> *Debout parmi la vie universelle,*
> *Et qui porte l'arc double et le double flambeau,*
> *Et qui est nous*
> *Divinement. . . .'"*

In this way by degrees the symbolists work around from the point of view that art is an evocation to the position that art, through its intrinsic formal elements, hampers evocation and prevents the work of the poet. While the forerunners of symbolism had been scrupulous about form, the later poets strive to annihilate form as much as possible. And upon this rock the symbolist movement founders. The symbolist not only turns impressionist—to the extent even of confusing prose with poetry—but his impressionism verges on the unintelligible and on the inane. It is possible to quote stanza upon stanza of symbolistic verse in which no one except perhaps the author could find any sense. And without going that far, Rimbaud's famous sonnet upon the

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colors corresponding to the vowels of the alphabet, "*A noir, E blanc, I rouge, U vert, O bleu,*" has significance only for a person capable of repeating the experiment and may well have been written, "*pour épater le bourgeois.*"

It would be wrong, however, to leave the impression that with so promising a start the symbolist movement had achieved little in the way of positive accomplishment. While one must admit that as individuals they are too often deflected from the highroad of life into the bypaths of the extremist and faddist, that they too readily take the bizarre and obscure for the genuinely mysterious and suggestive, this is a fault to which their undertaking made them especially liable. French poetry is by its essence and its tradition formalistic. It is through form that our thought or our emotion assumes objective reality and exists as a thing in itself. Art is an immediate semblance. Literature portrays the universal in the form of the particular. If, then, you blur the outlines upon which form is dependent you destroy poetry. The tenet of the symbolists to be vague rather than precise naturally blinded them to this important law. As a consequence much of their work is a nullity.

Nevertheless, not only do Verlaine, Régnier, Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, and others avoid this pitfall, but they have really enlarged the scope of French poetic art. This they did by producing genuinely new effects, by striking new chords, as it were, on the poetic lyre, but especially in the case of Maeterlinck by making their art the vehicle of a new conception of life, the expression of a new idealism.

It would be interesting to trace Maeterlinck's evolution; to show how the artist has gradually become the thinker, to see how by degrees the intuitions of the symbolist have been transformed into active, moral ideas. Others—Régnier, for example—have sung of the triumph of life in the eternal renewal of nature, and therefore in man's being. But it is Maeterlinck who brings this idea to its fruition. While Maeterlinck to a great extent has remained true to the country of his birth, and his ideas cannot yet be said to have permeated French literature, nevertheless a comparison of his views with those of M. Bergson will show at once which way the pendulum is swinging. In any case here we have a poet, a man of letters essentially, who has worked his way through to an unusually clear grasp of definite principles.

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Already in his dramas we see him busy at the problem why it is that disaster forms the basis of all dramatic poems. "It is no longer," he says, "the effect of disaster that arrests our attention, it is disaster itself, and we are eager to know its essence and its laws." But it is in his essays that the full measure of his thought is revealed. "Let us work in silence," he says, "perhaps ere long we shall be conscious of the 'murmur of the gods'"; and in the same breath he tells us how that murmur will sound:

"Look upon men and things with the inner eye, with its form and desire, never forgetting that the shadow they throw as they pass by, upon hillock or wall, is but the fleeting image of a mightier shadow, which, like the wings of an imperishable swan, floats over every soul that draws nearer to their soul."

More than any one poet of to-day, Maeterlinck has energized the strife of the spirit seeking to penetrate the veil that no one can lift. Without forsaking reason—and herein he is indeed on the side of science—he would assign Reason her proper sphere, not as a builder and destroyer of systems, but as the sifter and recorder of phenomena, the fearless guardian of our intellectual and moral life. He says:

"She waits there lamp in hand, and her sole presence renders the threshold inaccessible to that which is not comfortable to the nature of light. . . . The duty of the flame is to be as clear, as extended as possible, and not to abandon its post.

"But it happens that among the captives that wake some more radiant than herself approach the entrance. They spread a light more immaterial, more diffuse, more incomprehensible than that of the firm and definite flame her hand protects. These forces are those of love, of unexplained good (or others even more infinite and mysterious), that demand passage. . . .

"If reason does not tremble (because by all that she has not been able to learn she has, nevertheless, learned that no light is dangerous and that in the life of reason one can risk reason itself for greater clarity) ineffable exchanges take place from lamp to lamp upon the threshold. Drops of an unknown oil are mixed with the oil of human wisdom; and when the white strangers have passed, the flame of reason's lamp will rise higher, more mighty, and more pure."

Such optimism is certainly far removed from the morbid dreams of Baudelaire and the despairing melancholy of Verlaine. Nevertheless, the tenor of the thought is symbolistic, the infinite merges into the finite, the presence of the unknown is felt throughout. But instead of a thing to be feared, the unknown is transformed into the medium of

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human progress, through its association with justice, benevolence, and love; an organizing force, positive, serene, and helpful.

Again he says:

"It is the recognition of the unknown in which we live which bestows on our lives a meaning which they would not have if we confined ourselves to what we know."

And further:

"The thought of the unknowable and the infinite becomes truly salutary only when it is the unexpected recompense of the intelligence that has given itself to the study of the knowable and the finite. . . . Rarely does a mystery disappear; generally it only changes place. . . . From a certain point of view all the progress of the human mind reduces itself to two or three changes of this kind; to have dislodged two or three mysteries from a place where they did harm in order to transport them where they become harmless, where they can do good. Sometimes it is enough, without changing its place, if we can succeed in giving it another name. That which was called the 'gods' we now call 'life.' And if life is as inexplicable as the gods we have at least gained this, that in the name of life no one has the right to speak or do harm."

Thus, at the summit of Symbolism there stands a new affirmation in place of the earlier negation. The everlasting nay is again answered. Life is presented to man as a complexity, a web of conflicting elements; it rests with us, according to the inner light, to rediscover its essential unity. Each new generation of idealists does this in its particular way. But rather than seek the ideal above Nature, as Plato had done and as Christianity taught, Maeterlinck seeks it in Nature, through the method indicated by Science, from sensation, to intuition, to thought, to external form. To be sure, not every one will share the poet's serenity of mind nor his faith in the validity of his views, but let us hope then that all will see light in his light. Did not Baudelaire say of the poet:

"Car il ne sera fait que de pure lumière,
Puisée au foyer saint des rayons primitifs,
Et dont les yeux mortels, dans leur splendeur entière,
Ne sont que des miroirs obscurcis et plaintifs."

WILLIAM A. NITZE.

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PORTRAIT OF A LADY

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

JANE AUSTEN lived her brief life in two or three quiet English towns. She had no adventures, no experiences, no great fortunes or misfortunes. She began to do her best writing when she was little more than a girl. She left a few immortal works, surpassed by no others in the painting of the human heart. What sort of woman was she herself? Not very remarkable to look at, it appears. Round, full cheeks—"for the most part they are foolish that are so," Cleopatra tells us—bright, hazel eyes, brown curls about her face. No doubt, in every point a lady. But her soul?

At first sight, it seems that she laughed, mocked, at all things, very gently and decorously, but still mocked. "I dearly love a laugh," says the heroine who surely most resembles her creatress. And again it is said of this same Elizabeth Bennett: "She had a lively, playful disposition which delighted in anything ridiculous."

Those who love Miss Austen best will recognize, far beyond any testimony of quoted instances, this incessant, pervading spirit of gentle mockery which appears in all her books, courteous, infinitely well-bred, but sometimes very far from amiable.

That she should mock at woman's education was, perhaps, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, natural enough. But it would be hard to find any one in any century who has mocked at it more cruelly. "Where people wish to attach, they should always be ignorant. To come with a well-informed mind is to come with an inability of administering to the vanity of others, which a sensible person would always wish to avoid. A woman, especially, if she have the misfortune of knowing anything, should conceal it as well as she can." Which was also the opinion of Lady Mary Montagu, considered one of the most learned women of her time. Now we have changed all that.

But if you suppose that Miss Austen wishes to contrast

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with learning the sweets of domesticity, you are far astray indeed. I do not know whether she read La Rochefoucauld. She hardly needed to. In any case, she well supports his dictum that there are comfortable marriages, but no delicious ones. The motive of most she lashes with her whip of silken scorn. "His temper might perhaps be a little soured by finding, like many others of her sex, that through some unaccountable bias in favor of beauty, he was the husband of a very silly woman." Though she had a sister whom she loved better than anything on earth, the kindest thing she could find to say of two most affectionate sisters was: "Among the merits and the happiness of Elinor and Marianne, let it not be ranked as the least considerable that, though sisters, and living almost within sight of each other, they could live without disagreement between themselves or producing coolness between their husbands."

Nor is she much more enthusiastic about the charms of society. Her heroines do, indeed, love an outing or a ball; but much more stress is laid on untoward accidents that blight enjoyment than on its rapturous completeness. And this is life, as we all know. Only—. As for the little distresses of social converse, who has ever depicted them more subtly?

No one probably will maintain that Miss Austen treats love very seriously. Its common youthful ardors, "what is so often described as arising on a first interview with its object, and even before two words have been exchanged," she makes matter for derision or dismisses with indifference. Isabella utters a platitude on the subject. "This charming sentiment, recommended as much by sense as novelty, gave Catherine a pleasing remembrance of all the heroines of her acquaintance." With the author's own serious heroines love is an emotion of such reverend profundity that the heroines themselves require years to discover it, and even then it has to be forced upon their notice.

Religion and the deeper concerns of life generally, where they are mentioned at all, fare no better. They are touched with an irony of somewhat dubious effect on the profane, as at the end of *Northanger Abbey,* where those it may concern are left to wonder "whether the tendency of this work be altogether to recommend parental tyranny, or reward filial disobedience." There is no doubt, however, that Miss Austen sincerely honored sacred things. She would have

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said with her own Elizabeth, "I hope I never ridicule what is wise and good." She appeared to think she would attain this end by keeping matters of the soul mainly out of her work. But she miscalculated a little. I do not know how one could more discredit religion than by exhibiting it in such representatives as Dr. Grant, Mr. Elton, and Mr. Collins: a glutton, a ninny, and an imbecile. If any reader holds that the prosy sermonizing of Edward Bertram helps the divine end of the matter, I disagree totally.

And as she mocked all things in human life, so she had a peculiar fancy for mocking the departure out of it. We know much mockable is there; but it seems odd material for a young girl to deal with. "It was felt as such things must be felt. Everybody had a degree of gravity and sorrow; tenderness for the departed, solicitude for the surviving friends; and, in a reasonable time, curiosity to know where she would be buried. Goldsmith tells us that when lovely woman stoops to folly, she has nothing to do but to die; and when she stoops to be disagreeable, it is equally to be recommended as a clearer of ill fame."

Obviously, Miss Austen's mocking was not all sweet, sunny, natural gaiety. It had too much ill-nature in it. This shows, I think, in her fundamental conception of character. Read over her list of *dramatis personæ* and see how many are attractive or agreeable. It is not that she presents set types of evil or folly. Far from it. Her people are all human, vividly human, walking figures of flesh-and-blood humanity. But like all true human beings, they have good and evil both, and her vision always turns toward the evil, the mildly evil, the foolish and ridiculous. This perversion is slight, but constant, and its very slightness makes it more true—and more depressing. What doubles the hideousness of the hideous scene between Mr. and Mrs. Dashwood (*Sense and Sensibility,* Chap. II.) is its perfect humanity and the possibility that it might have been you and I.

She will brand a whole company with a touch: they "almost all labored under one or other of these disqualifications for being agreeable—want of sense, either natural or improved—want of elegance—want of spirits—or want of temper." As any company might, to be sure—if you took it so. She will brand a whole sex. Mr. Palmer had "no traits at all unusual in his sex and time of life. He was nice in

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his eating, uncertain in his hours; fond of his child, though affecting to slight it; and idled away the morning at billiards, which ought to have been devoted to business."

Above all, she is severe upon women past middle life. Few indeed has she drawn that are even tolerable. Yet I have known some who were charming. With what infinite, subtle, loving art are Mrs. Jennings and Mrs. Norris made odious! And the best illustration of all for Miss Austen's methods is Miss Bates. Her creatress starts with a heroic determination to be amiable for once. God has given this poor old specimen excellent qualities. For Heaven's sake, let us dwell upon them and leave the defects in shadow. "She was a happy woman, and a woman whom no one named without good-will. It was her own universal good-will and contented temper which worked such wonders. She loved everybody, was interested in everybody's happiness, quick-sighted to everybody's merits." Yet the turning of a page makes Miss Bates ridiculous, and the turning of more makes her almost as tedious to us as the author evidently found her. In the end she drives even Emma to open insult, which Emma speedily regrets, and would probably as speedily renew.

But, it will be urged, I am making the old mistake of interpreting an author from her writings, of transferring to her the sentiments of her characters, or, at any rate, her merely formal literary expression.

Very well, let us turn to Miss Austen's letters, and see what we find there. To begin with, they are charming letters, full of life, spirit, and vivacity, quite as charming as her novels. Her editors and biographers seem to feel it necessary to apologize for them. Why? It is true they contain no reference to topics of the day. She might never have heard of Napoleon, or known that America was discovered. But, as letters, they are none the worse for that. Also, they are not formally literary, have no set pieces or elaborate disquisitions. There is hardly a general thought in the whole of them. Who cares? They are literary as being the work of one of the most exquisite masters of expression. But, in general, they are merely the swiftest, lightest chronicle of little daily happenings, made eternal by a sense of fun as keen as Lamb's. Is there in Lamb any bit of happier nonsense than the sketch of Mr. Haden? "You seem to be under a mistake as to Mr. H. You call

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him an apothecary. He is no apothecary; he has never been an apothecary; there is not an apothecary in this neighborhood. . . . He is a Haden, nothing but a Haden, a sort of wonderful nondescript creature on two legs, something between a man and an angel, but without the least spice of an apothecary. He is, perhaps, the only person *not* an apothecary hereabouts. He has never sung to us. He will not sing without pianoforte accompaniment."

Yet, minute as they are, and natural as they are, Miss Austen's letters tell us little about herself, that is, the inmost self that we wish to get at. Those we have were almost all written to her nearest and dearest sister, Cassandra. To Cassandra, if to any one, she must have opened her soul. But, if so, she did it by lip and not by letter. It is rare indeed that she goes so far as to say, "I am sick of myself and my bad pens." To be sure, such concealment of personal feeling and emotion is a most significant trait of character. The gleam and glitter of those sparkling pages, with all their implication and suggestion, recalls the charming speech of Birnheim to Fanny Lear—"*Ce qui fait le charme de votre conversation, ce n'est pas seulement ce que vous dites, c'est encore et surtout ce que vous ne dites pas.*" But when we try to get any definite picture of the writer, she seems a fairy, a spirit, in perpetual, glimmering, mazy dance, refusing to stand still.

At any rate, mockery is the prominent feature in the letters, as in the novels; and in letters as in novels the mockery, though sometimes sunny and sweet, is too often unkindly and leaves a sting. Miss Austen herself once at least recognizes this. She describes a certain person as "the sort of woman who gives me the idea of being determined never to be well and who likes her spasms and nervousness, and the consequence they give her, better than anything else. This is an ill-natured statement to send all over the Baltic." Doubtless her modesty prevented her from thinking of the ill-natured statements she was to send for ages all over the world.

But let us see, again, with more minuteness how completely she spins this gauze web of satire over every phase of life. Is learning in question? "I think I may boast myself to be, with all possible vanity, the most unlearned and uninformed female who ever dared to be an authoress." Or is she discussing family life? "The possessor of one

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of the finest estates in England and of more worthless nephews and nieces than any other private man in the United Kingdom." A prospective marriage is summarily disposed of. Mr. Blackall is "a piece of perfection—noisy perfection. . . . I could wish Miss Lewis to be of a silent *turn and rather ignorant, but naturally intelligent and* wishing to learn, fond of cold veal pies, green tea in the afternoon, and a green window-blind at night." Mrs. Austen is disturbed by receiving an unamiable letter from a relative. Miss Austen is not. "The discontentedness of it shocked and surprised her—but *I* see nothing in it out of nature."

As to society, she resembles her heroines in liking balls, and, like her heroines, she finds many drawbacks in them. "Our ball was chiefly made up of Jervoises and Terrys, the former of whom were apt to be vulgar, the latter to be noisy. . . . I had a very pleasant evening, however, though you will probably find out that there was no particular reason for it; but I do not think it worth while to wait for enjoyment until there is some real opportunity for it." On beauty she comments freely. "There were very few beauties, and such as there were were not very handsome. Miss Iremonger did not look well, and Mrs. Blount was the only one much admired. She appeared exactly as she did in September, with the same broad face, diamond bandeau, white shoes, pink husband, and fat neck." As in this passage, she often refers to dress and too often unkindly. "Mrs. Powlett was at once expensively and nakedly dressed; we have had the satisfaction of estimating her lace and her muslins; and she said too little to afford us much other amusement." In regard to one special company she seems to express naïvely her general attitude. "I cannot anyhow continue to find people agreeable."

More intimate social relationships and the sacred name of friendship are treated at least as lightly. "The neighborhood have quite recovered the death of Mrs. Rider; so much so that I think they are rather rejoiced at it now; her things were so very dear! And Mrs. Rogers is to be all that is desirable. Not even death itself can fix the friendships of this world."

And love? Persons who mock at nothing else mock at that. What should we expect, then, from the genius of mockery? Whether she rallied her young men to their faces, I

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do not know. Assuredly she rallied them behind their backs. One evening she expects an offer, but is determined to refuse, unless he promises to give away his white coat. The next she makes over to a friend all her love interests, even "the kiss which C. Powlett wanted to give me," everything except Tom Lefroy, "for whom I don't care sixpence." And when, writing to her niece, in later years, she sketches the man she might have loved, she ends by turning all into laughter. "There *are* such beings in the world, perhaps one in a thousand, as the creature you and I should think perfection, where grace and spirit are united to worth, where the manners are equal to the heart and understanding, but such a person may not come in your way, or, if he does, he may not be the eldest son of a man of fortune, the near relation of your particular friend and belonging to your own county."

Also, as in the novels, she is perpetually laughing at religion and virtue, that is, of course, at those elements in religion and virtue which are undeniably laughable. Morals and immorals she can treat lightly in individual instances. In their general phases she can jumble them happily with physical complaints. "What is become of all the shyness in the world? Moral as well as natural diseases disappear in the progress of time, and new ones take their place. Shyness and the sweating sickness have given way to confidence and paralytic complaints." On death she is inexhaustible. One would think she found it the most humorous thing in life—as perhaps it is. With what amiable, kid-gloved atrocity does she bury Mrs. Holder! "Only think of Mrs. Holder's being dead! Poor woman, she has done the only thing in the world she could possibly do to make one cease to abuse her." Apparently, even this supreme effort of Mrs. Holder's was not successful—in fact, embalmed her with spiced abuse forever.

Most curious of all is Miss Austen on the death of a near relative, the trim decorum, the correct restraint, the evident fear of being either over-conventional or under-feeling. So in the first letter; but two days later she rebounds and trifles with her mourning. "*One* Miss Baker makes my gown and *the other* my bonnet, which is to be silk covered with crape." Well could she say of herself, "I can lament in one sentence and laugh in the next." Only she immensely mistook the proportion.

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One bare, strong phrase takes us right to the root of all the mocking and perversity. "Pictures of perfection, as you know, make me sick and wicked."

It is in this spirit that she makes fun even of her own art, novel-writing, will not take it seriously—"the art of keeping lovers apart in five volumes"—will not take its professors seriously. She mocks at their machinery, their heroines, their landscape, their morals, and their language—"novel slang," she calls it, "thorough novel slang, and so old that I dare say Adam met with it in the first novel he opened." Whatever pains she may have taken with her own work, she does not mention them, unless ironically, when some one praises her: "I am looking about for a sentiment, an illustration, or a metaphor in every corner of the room." If money and profit are suggested as possible objects, she laughs at them. Fame is all she is thinking of. "I write only for fame and without any view to pecuniary emolument." But when it is a question of glory, she laughs at that, and toils instead for pounds and shillings. "Though I like praise as well as anybody, I like what Edward calls *Pewter,* too." Yet, at the getting of money, and at the keeping of it, and at the spending of it, and at the lack of it still she laughs: "They will not come often, I dare say. They live in a handsome style and are rich, and she seemed to like to be rich, and we gave her to understand that we were far from being so; she will soon feel, therefore, that we are not worth her acquaintance."

One subject only is too sacred for mocking—the British navy. And even that seems sacred chiefly in connection with the Austens; for Sir Walter Elliot is allowed to say that all officers should be killed off after forty because of their weather-beaten complexions. Miss Austen herself, however, appears to have been possessed, like Louisa Musgrove, with "a fine naval fervor," which blossoms in Captain Wentworth's rapturous praise of his calling and fruits in the charming conclusion of *Persuasion:* "She gloried in being a sailor's wife, but she must pay the tax of quick alarm for belonging to that profession which is, if possible, more distinguished in the domestic virtues than in its national importance." A sentiment which would have delighted Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., though it would have obliged Nelson to turn away his face.

So, are we to set down this demure, round-faced chit of

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a parson's daughter as one of the universal mockers, *der Geist der stets verneint* in petticoats, a sister of Aristophanes and Heine? It sounds ridiculous. How she would have shrunk from *das Buch Le Grand* and shuddered with horror at *Schnabelwopski!* Yet would she?

But her cynicism is more nearly related to Fielding and Smollett and to the eighteenth century—that is, it does not flow from Heine's universal dissolution of all things, but is founded on a secure basis of conventional belief. Minds of that eighteenth-century type were so confident of God that they felt entirely at liberty to abuse man. "Whatever is is right," said the "one infallible Pope," as Miss Austen calls him, therefore there could be no harm in calling it wrong.

On the other hand, what separates Miss Austen from Fielding, what brings her close to Heine, and what almost, if not quite, makes up for all her mocking, is that you feel underneath the mocking an infinite fund of tenderness, a warm, loving, hoping, earnest heart. Rarely has a woman been more misjudged by another than Miss Austen by Miss Brontë when she wrote, "Jane Austen was a complete and most sensible lady, but a very incomplete and insensible woman." Oh, no, under that demure demeanor was hidden the germ of every emotion known to woman or to man. She knew them all, she felt them all, and she restrained them all, which means quite as much character — and "temperament" also—as the volcanic flare of Charlotte Brontë. The very difficulty of tracing these things under Miss Austen's vigilant reserve adds to their significance when found and to the convincing force of their reality.

First, as to more general emotions. The testimony of the novels is often disputed. It is disputable when it refers to particular experiences and must be used with care. But many little touches would have been absolutely impossible if the writer had not first felt them herself. Thus it is when she writes that "It is the misfortune of poetry to be seldom safely enjoyed by those who enjoy it completely, and that the strong feelings which alone can estimate it truly are the very feelings which ought to taste it but sparingly." Or again, with brief and rapid analysis, "She read with an eagerness which hardly left her the power of comprehension: and from impatience of knowing what the next sentence might bring was incapable of attending to the sense

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of the one before her eyes." Do you suppose the writer of that had never torn the heart out of a letter as madly as Jane Eyre? And was there not plenty of temperament in the woman who described the moment of release from a disagreeable partner as "ecstasy," and who fainted dead away when told suddenly that she was to leave her old home and seek a new?

Or in another line, how the clever mockery of her own writing withers before one short sentence which shows the real author, like all other authors: "I *should* like to know what her estimate is, but am always half afraid of finding a clever novel *too clever,* and of finding my own story and my own people all forestalled."

Then, as to love. Here the story is more obscure. Some critics have endeavored to deduce Miss Austen's feelings from those of her heroines. Others have entirely denied the legitimacy of such deduction. No doubt observation and divination may do much, but it seems to me that the subtle details introduced in many a critical moment must be based on experiences closely akin to those described. No man can ever understand Miss Austen's taste in heroes, and her creations in this line are the worst of her mockeries, all the more so because unintentional. But if she was blind to the faults of the type, she may have been equally blind to them in some real Edward or Knightley. We all are. I should even like to believe, with her adoring relative, that that shadowy lover who died unnamed to posterity blighted her literary effort and accounted for the singular gap between her earlier and later work. "That her grief should have silenced her is, I think, quite consistent with the reserve of her character," writes the said relative. I agree as to the possibility, but somewhat question the fact.

With the more common domestic and social feelings we are on surer ground. There is a universal concordance of testimony as to Miss Austen's sweetness in these relations, her tenderness, her charm. Guarded, reserved as her letters are, these qualities appear in all the laughter, in all the mockery. She watches over her mother, she longs for every detail about her brothers, she cries for joy at their promotion, she exchanges with her sister a thousand little intimacies, all the more sincere for their daily triviality. It is said that the family were always amiable in their familiar intercourse, never argued or spoke harshly, and I can be-

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lieve it. It is said that Cassandra always controlled her temper, but that Jane had no temper to control, and the latter statement I do not believe, but do believe that appearances justified it. It is said that she loved children, and many passages in her letters prove this. See in the following the deep and evident tenderness turning into her eternal mockery. "My dear itty Dordy's remembrance of me is very pleasing to me—foolishly pleasing, because I know it will be over so soon. My attachment to him will be more durable. I shall think with tenderness and delight on his beautiful and smiling countenance and interesting manner until a few years have turned him into an ungracious fellow."

That she enjoyed playing the rôle of maiden aunt I see no reason to imagine. But she accepted it with infinite, sweet graciousness, and as years went on she seems to have grown even more self-forgetful and thoughtful of those about her. I have spoken of Heine. What was ever lovelier than his efforts to spare his old mother every detail of his last torturing illness, writing her the gayest of letters from his pillow of agony? Everything with Miss Austen is on a slighter scale; but how sweet is the story of the sofa. Sofas were scarce in those days. The Austen rooms contained but one, and Jane, dying, propped herself on two chairs, and left the sofa to her invalid mother, declaring that the chairs were preferable.

And if she loved others, they loved her. Her brother makes the truly astonishing statement that in regard to her neighbors "even on their vices did she never trust herself to comment with unkindness. . . . She always sought in the faults of others something to excuse, to forgive or forget." And he adds, "No one could be often in her company without feeling a strong desire of obtaining her friendship and cherishing a hope of having obtained it." The profound affection of her sister Cassandra needs no further evidence than the pathetic letters written by her after Jane's death, and the feeling of the other members of the family seems to have been hardly less deep. Especially was her society cherished by children and young people. "Her first charm to children was great sweetness of manner," writes her niece; "she seemed to love you, and you loved her in return." Again, "Soon came the delight of her playful talk. She could make everything amusing to a child." And later,

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when years had somewhat diminished the difference of age, "It had become a habit with me to put by things in my mind with reference to her, and to say to myself, I shall keep this for Aunt Jane!"

Altogether, whatever may have been her instincts of intellectual cynicism, she was past question a woman exquisitely lovable and one who craved and appreciated love, even when she made least show of doing so. How pathetic is the tenderness of her last letters! "As to what I owe her [Cassandra], and the anxious affection of all my beloved family on this occasion, I can only cry over it, and pray God to bless them more and more." And again: "If ever you are ill, may you be as tenderly nursed as I have been. May the same blessed alleviations of anxious friends be yours; and may you possess, as I dare say you will, the greatest blessing of all, in the consciousness of not being unworthy of their love. *I* could not feel this." Surely those with such a longing and with such a sense of unworthiness are not the least worthy of love in this harsh, self-absorbed, and loveless world.

Nevertheless, what remains most characteristic of Miss Austen is her singular and inexhaustible delight in the observation of humanity. No one illustrates better than she the odd paradox that it is possible to love mankind as a whole, or, at any rate, to take the greatest interest in them, while finding most individual specimens uninteresting and even contemptible. I think she would have understood perfectly that wonderful passage in a letter of another authoress not unlike her, Mrs. Craigie: "I live in a world and among beings of my own creation, and when I hear of tangible mortals, what they do, what they say, and what they think, I feel a stranger and a pilgrim; life frightens me; humanity terrifies me; perhaps that is why it is real suffering for me to be in a room with more than one other. I believe I am a lover of souls, but people scare me out of my wits: it is not that I am nervous. I have only a sensation of being, as it were, in 'the wrong Paradise.' I am not at home: I talk about things I do not believe in to people who do not believe me: I become constrained, artificial."

"I am a great wonderer," says one of Miss Austen's characters. I think she was a great wonderer herself.

How fertile this interest in human nature was, what endless and richly varied entertainment it afforded, is made

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manifest in many passages throughout both novels and letters. "I did not know before," says Bingley to Elizabeth, "that you were a studier of character. It must be an amusing study." Elizabeth's creatress found it so. When she visits picture-galleries, she confesses that she cannot look at the pictures for the men and women. In trying social situations the watchful critical instinct remains imperturbable and revels in the unguarded display of emotion commonly concealed. "Anything like a breach of punctuality was a great offense, and Mr. Moore was very angry, which I was rather glad of. I wanted to see him angry." Even in the most solemn crises the habit of curious observation cannot be wholly extinguished. Writing to her sister, with deep and genuine sympathy, on occasion of a sister-in-law's death, she interjects this query, which strikes you like a flat slap on an unexpectant cheek. "I suppose you see the corpse? How does it appear?" Finally, like all profound, minute observers of character, she realizes how far from perfect her knowledge is, that she cannot predict, cannot foresee. "Nobody ever feels or acts, suffers or enjoys, as one expects."

Miss Austen alone would be sufficient to disprove the contention that age and wide knowledge of the world are necessary for the understanding of the human heart. She had neither of these qualifications. Yet, though she may have missed many superficial varieties of experience, who knew better the essential motives that animate us all? She lived in a quiet neighborhood and saw comparatively few specimens; but those were enough. As she says, through Elizabeth, "people alter so much that there is something new to be observed in them forever."

Thus she herself enjoyed and pointed out to others the simplest, the most available, the most inexhaustible of all earthly distractions. Only I could wish she might have seen mankind a little more constantly on the amiable side. As Lamb well observed, almost all of Shakespeare's characters are lovable. How few of Miss Austen's are! Yet it may be that at twenty-one she knew better than Shakespeare.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

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THE ETHICS OF MIRACLES

BY THE REVEREND S. D. MC CONNELL, LL.D.

THE twelfth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles tells the story of Peter's being delivered from prison by the interposition of an angel.

"When Herod was about to bring him forth Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains, and guards before the door kept the prison. And, behold, an angel of the Lord stood by him and smote Peter on the side saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands. And the angel said unto him, Gird thyself and bind on thy sandals and follow me. And he did so. And the iron gate that leadeth into the city opened to them of its own accord."

Thus delivered, Peter proceeded at once to the house where the other disciples were at prayer, and was received by them with thanksgiving. Then, with a curious *naïveté* the story goes on to mention incidentally,

"When Herod had sought for him and found him not he examined the guards, and *commanded that they be put to death.*"

It appears, therefore, that the *cost* of the miracle by which Peter benefited, wrought at the instance of the disciples' prayers, was the lives of half a dozen innocent soldiers who had never so much as heard of either Peter or his Master. In doing their ordinary duty they had been, by the disciples' prayers, pitted, as it were, against God.

This may serve to introduce a very difficult question. All who observe the present movement of religious thought and feeling are aware that the greatest burden which faith has to bear to-day is the element of the *miraculous* in religion. What was once regarded as the chief evidence is now its most serious embarrassment. It is usually assumed that this change has been caused by a better realization of the uniformity of natural law. To an extent this is true. We now realize that a miracle cannot be an isolated event in time or space. The whole universe is so bound together

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in a nexus of cause and effect that were the sun to "stand still for three hours over Ajalon" the stars beyond Böotes would be wrecked. This quite new conception of the "reign of Law" has created the demand for infinitely stronger evidences for the fact of alleged miraculous occurrences. This demand has been met in two ways. One is to say "miracles do not happen." The other is to say, "They do happen, but the accepted definition of miracle is wrong. It is not a visitation or interruption of natural law, but an event caused by natural forces and laws which we do not understand." This latter method is the one now generally accepted by the champions of orthodoxy.

I am not greatly interested in the logic-chopping concerning the possibility of miracles, or of their provability. Hume's dictum does not affect me. He was no doubt right. No amount of evidence will ever prove a miracle. The reason is very simple. Evidence itself is a process which functions only within the uniform procedure of nature. It is orderly and has fixed laws. It can therefore never deal with a matter which is by its very definition an exception to the natural order. The thing to be proved or disproved must be a thing in the same category as the process of proof. Evidence, therefore, cannot deal with miracles at all, either for or against.

Professor Huxley probably said the last word for the attitude of Science in the premises: "I am prepared to accept the proof for any alleged miraculous occurrence, provided only the proof be sufficient. I can only say that for those cited the proofs seem to me to be grossly insufficient."

I am willing to leave the theologian and the scientist to fight the matter out in this field. However long the controversy may last, the result can only be a drawn battle. It is a fight between an elephant and a whale. They move in different elements and can only spout at one another.

What concerns me is an aspect of the matter which distresses and perplexes me as a Christian. The question is not, Can any miracle be proved to have happened? or, Can belief in miracles co-exist with belief in the uniformity of nature? It is not can miracles happen, but *ought* they to happen?

In the case of Peter's deliverance, the cost of the divine interposition fell upon some one other than he in whose in-

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terest the miracle occurred. In the Old Testament miracles this may be said to be the rule. The servants of Jaweh are prospered, rescued, protected, advanced regardless of how many Edomites perish, how many wanton children are devoured by she-bears, how many women and babes are buried under the walls of Jericho. These stories do not disturb us greatly, because we really do not care very much. We now understand that the people at the stage of moral development where they then were could well conceive and report of God acting in this fashion. But we cannot. "Jaweh" is not the "God of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Our God is bound by moral considerations. He is not a despot who "sends one to Heaven and one to Hell all for His own glory." We cannot think of Him showing favoritism among His children, be they good or bad.

Most of the miracles recorded in the New Testament appear at first to be markedly free from this defect. Whether they really are so will have to be considered. Indeed, I may as well at this point raise the question which perplexes me. It may be stated thus:

Can the special intervention of God at any point, in answer to the solicitation of any man or men, fail to work wrong and injustice to other men?

As an illustration, let us take the case of the miraculous draught of fishes. A fleet of fishing-boats is on the Galilean sea. They are fishing for the market. The livelihood of the fishermen and their families depends upon their catch. They are all presumably using the same skill and diligence. They toil all night, and take nothing. But, in the early morning two of them are favored,—is not "favored" the word,—by divine interposition, so that their nets are suddenly filled and their boats loaded to the gunwale. But what of the other boats and men of the fleet? Had they ground to feel themselves unfairly dealt with by the Lord of sea and men and fishes?

Of course if it shall appear in any case that the showing forth of God is the prime purpose, the seeming favoritism shown to a particular man or group of men becomes of small consequence. But it is not easy to allow this justification for the Gospel miracles. In the first place, Jesus again and again disavows this purpose. He rejects, or at any rate belittles, the belief which came from "seeing many mighty works." In only one case, that of the man born

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blind, does he connect God's manifestation with a miracle, and even in that case only indirectly.

Now, if it be admitted, as it is by practically all contemporary apologists, that the *raison d'être* of miracles is not evidential, *i. e.*, to show God to men who could not otherwise discern His presence, then a difficulty to their acceptance emerges which the apologists have not reckoned with. May it be that the old apologists had a truer instinct than the modern ones? If the purpose be not to "show God," then the question arises, not, how can they be proved, but how can they be justified?

Miracles, then, introduce into human life an element of uncertainty of which complaint could justly be made. Moreover, if they occur only at the request and instance of certain persons they would seem to introduce also a partiality of which men might more justly complain. If one blind man in Judea could have his eyes opened by a word, why not all the blind in Judea, in the Empire, in the world? If the son of the widow of Nain was by a word brought back to life to staunch his mother's tears, why would not the same word mend the broken hearts of all weeping mothers?

And so of all the rest; the *one* man with a withered hand, the *one* tormented woman, the *one* paralytic. Is it enough to say that these were the only cases that came in His way, when chance caused the occasion to serve? Does God's omnipotent goodness act only when accident or chance makes the occasion for it? Is He not Lord also of chance?

It may seem a paradox, but it is the fact, that this difficulty in the way of accepting miracles is due ultimately to Jesus Himself. This unlooked-for result may be illustrated by a similar one which He has caused in another ethical region. Many would doubtless be surprised, for instance, at the suggestion that the multiplication of divorces may be referred directly to the influence of Jesus in society. And yet the fact cannot be doubted. As thus—Christianity, for the first time, allowed to woman an independent personality of her own. Before Christ, and outside Christianity, she was always the appendage of a man—a wife, a daughter, a sister, *une femme couverte,* as the old law phrase termed it. Christianity made her a person. It was centuries before the fact sank into her consciousness. Now it has done so, and some unlooked-for results begin to show. For well and ill the woman is now conscious of herself as an individual.

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She demands to deal and to be dealt with as such. Christian Courts have accepted the position. Eighty-five per cent. of divorces are at the instance of the woman. Their explanation is to be found in the finally awakened sense of her independent personality. The eternal Christ in the world produces many strange results.

After a similar fashion He has affected the whole idea of the miraculous. Our idea of God comes from Jesus. Wherever that idea prevails God is no longer thought of as an irresponsible monarch whose will is His only law, but as a great-hearted Father yearning over all His children. It is not strange that some of them have at times fancied they could presume upon His indulgence for their special behoof. They fancy He may do them any kindness, for which they ask with sufficient insistence. This, however, finds little encouragement from Jesus Himself. His conception of prayer is eminently noteworthy. In His personal example there is no instance of a petition whose gratification would involve any interference with the natural order. Even when overborne with agony, He had wrung from Him the cry "That this cup might pass," He had still strength to add, "Not my will, but thine." In that most marvelous form prayer which He set for His disciples, which has voiced the devotions of countless millions, there is not a single petition whose satisfaction would involve any interference with the natural order of things.

Now, to my mind,—and I would not presume to speak for any other—the obstinate difficulty in the way of believing that miracles have actually happened, or do happen, is not scientific, and not philosophic, but ethical. God has seemingly so constituted the universe in which men find themselves that, as a very condition of living, they must know what to count upon. Only in a universe where cause and effect hold together can intelligence function at all. And, what is of more consequence, only in such a universe can right and wrong have any meaning.

It will be seen, of course, that this difficulty confronts that continuous miracle which is involved in the common notion of Prayer. The exhortation to be insistent in prayer in expectation that thus the prayer may be "answered" forgets that each answer of this sort at the request of any one petitioner must just in so far forth import the element of uncertainty to the lives of all other men. If such an-

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swers became frequent life would become quite incalculable. Every modification of that harmony which we call the natural order could only imperil by so much that sense of confidence upon which all men rest.

It is significant that the "Prayer for Rain," the "Prayer for Fair Weather," the "Prayer to stay a Pestilence," and such like are steadily falling into disuse. Some will say that this is due to the experience of their futility. Others will say it is because of decline of faith. I think it is due to a deepening instinct of their ethical unworthiness. I do not think that devout men pray any less than they ever have done, but I think their prayers tend to be more and more communion and less and less petition.

And it is the doubt as to whether miracles would be good for men to-day which really causes the doubt as to whether they really happened in other days.

The words which Zola places in the mouth of Lazarus, the beneficiary of the supreme miracle, will find an echo in many a heart: "Master! Master! why have you reawakened me to this abominable life? I was so content in the eternal slumber without dreams. I tasted at last so good a repose. I had known all life's miseries, all its dolors, its treacheries, its false hopes, its defeats and maladies. I had paid to suffering my frightful debt of living, and now, Lord, you make me to pay double in condemning me to recommence my sentence to the galleys. Have I then committed some inexpiable fault that you punish me with so cruel a chastisement? To go through life again! To feel myself dying again day by day! And it was ended. I had passed once through the terrifying gate of death, that moment so dread that the very thought of it empoisons existence. This anguish you wish me to endure a second time. You wish me to die twice, that my misery may be beyond that of all other men. Ah, Lord! let it be soon. I beg you do another great miracle; lay me to sleep again. Be merciful; give me again the rest which I had so well won."

There is really only one place at which Christianity rests upon what appears to be the "supernatural," that is the "resurrection" of Jesus. But here His contention is that it was natural for one who followed His "Way" to pass through death in safety:—and that it is equally natural for any other to follow in the same path, provided he set about it properly.

S. D. McConnell.

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CO-OPERATION[1]

BY ERVING WINSLOW

One of the earlier committees of the Associated Charities of Boston (among the first formed of the municipal charity organizations) undertook the study of profit-sharing and co-operative business. At that time "efficiency" had received no scientific study and as regards most industrial occupations it seemed as though the employment of mechanical appliances had left little opportunity for that quickening of individual effort which might be the natural result of participation in the profits of a business and which was found indeed to have a notable effect in manufactures requiring individual skill and initiation like that in the Godin Familistère at Guise where each workman was to a considerable degree his own master.

As regards co-operative business the objection to a plan so attractive was one that seemed overwhelming, the lack of ability to manage affairs which must in some sense compete with those conducted by the princes of finance and the captains of industry. The highest qualities found in these great men seemed necessary to conduct the development of their large operations. Those who were chosen to conduct co-operative enterprises, if they had the honesty, very seldom developed the ability to guide the business under their

[1] As "combination" (a "combine") is a kind of "co-operation," though in fact so sharply opposed by intention and effect, proper definitions may be clarifying. The distinction has not been always observed.

"Co-operation" is a union of numbers of producers, artisans (workmen), or distributors for common advantage, to secure fair prices and the division of profits, controlling capital and employing for suitable compensation necessary executive ability.

"Combination" is the union of groups of capitalists and persons of executive ability for special advantage, controlling producers, artisans (workmen), and distributors, to maintain prices and to appropriate profits.

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charge with ordinary success, not to speak of earning dividends for the co-operators. It was felt that, after all, the magnates of commerce and banking in the course of their great enterprises with an eye to individual profit were indirectly conferring such a benefit upon the community that they might be regarded as public benefactors and let alone.

The late Mr. Edward Atkinson in those days declared that Jay Gould was the great Socialist. He was not possessed with any particular enthusiasm of humanity, yet in the course of his operations his railroads were enabled to deliver freight at such rates that the cost of living was materially decreased.

To-day, as Professor John Graham Brooks reports, men of first-rate quality and caliber are found managing various forms of co-operation in Europe; whether that the idea of service has so extended itself or merely from the natural increase of good human material. These managers are competing successfully everywhere with the great powers in business and finance and showing the most distinguished ability.

Meanwhile in the recent era of insatiate "promotion" there has been a terrible misuse everywhere of its great opportunities. What Professor Albin W. Small put in the form of a question was really an assertion when he asked whether capitalism as we know it was compatible with social solvency.

With accumulative charges upon the product of labor to satisfy the legal claims of capital we have overtaken the capacity of productive operations to carry the increasing burden. Furthermore, we have lately been mistaking capitalism, mitigated by patriarchalism, for capitalism corrected in principle.

If Sir Thomas Shaughnessy could say at the banquet of the Canadian Pacific last year that it would have been more to the credit of many men prominent in the railway life of the Provinces had their fortunes been one-fiftieth of what they were, what could he have said of conditions in the United States!

The great unrest among us in these days is very largely due to the existence of tremendous inequalities. The patriarchal efforts at reform are obvious. Without embitterment it seems only fair to say that the masses of cash given for endowments and foundations by individuals are

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a kind of conscience money to atone for monopolies and syndicates; but this will not suffice. If there is not to be some cataclysm such as has followed with its cleansing besom every overripe civilization, there must be some definitely formulated plan of reconstruction in the social economic fabric, and well it will be if the owners of vast wealth seize the opportunity to initiate and to lead in it.

It seems a conservative view to hold that co-operation in the various forms which it is now assuming is likely to be the remedy for the past and to supply the new departure for the future. Those possessed of wealth and power would be wise and prudent to devote these to the foundation of undertakings of this form which only need a little start to be energizing, self-supporting, and profitable. Back of every well-matured undertaking for co-operation, the agricultural bank, the co-operative store, and the co-operative manufacturer, might be the willing capitalist helping its foundation and assisting by wise loans in its early development. Of course there could be no difficulty between employer and employed when both were one. Where labor was capital and capital was labor, there might be realized Dr. Eliot's "joy" therein and there could be no occasion for either strikes or serious conflicts.

The subject of co-operative Agricultural Credit, an important development of the co-operative idea, was broached during President Taft's campaign last autumn and presented by him at the Annual Meeting of the Governors in December in rather a crude form. The Raiffeisen system, which was the exact one urgently recommended by the President with an expectation, which was gratified, of finding for it a warm reception, was exactly the system adopted for use in the Philippines by the Lower House of the Legislature to enable the native Filipinos to make headway against the invasion of foreign capital. The bill, which would have interfered with the progress of colonial exploitation, was defeated by the Upper House, Mr. Taft's Commission.

The International Institute of Agriculture was established at Rome in 1905 upon the initiative of His Majesty Victor Emmanuel III., King of Italy, who provided it with buildings and contributes generously toward its work, supported by the United States and forty other governments. The inception and organization at Rome was largely due

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to the foresight and entire energy of Mr. David Lubin, the American delegate of the International Institute of Agriculture there, and his earnest and valued labors in behalf of the agricultural interests of American farmers should be generally recognized. Mr. Lubin made a very interesting preliminary report upon the subject at the regular monthly meeting of the committee of the Institute, May, 1912, which was printed as a Senate document and published also in the languages of all the nations which comprise the International Institute.

Mr. Lubin came over to make an address at the Southern Commercial Congress which met at Nashville a year ago. At this Congress it was voted that a committee should be sent abroad composed of two delegates from each State in the United States to report to Mr. Lubin in Rome on the subject and to make a tour of investigation with him in European countries, and to report to the Fifth Annual Convention of the Southern Congress which will be held in Mobile in September next.

A preliminary investigation was made by representatives from Texas, North Carolina, and Illinois last summer to prepare the way for the work of this large committee. The American Bankers' Association also appointed a Committee of Investigation into the subject and five ambassadors, with ex-Governor Myron T. Herrick chairman, were deputed by Secretary Knox to study the subject and to report.

It will thus be seen that the declarations of the Democratic and the Republican platform advocating an investigation of agricultural credit societies are likely to be fully carried out.

In France the Crédit Agricole is a highly centralized State-endowed institution granting credit according to stringent rules. It has about three thousand local offices with an average membership of between forty and fifty thousand.

Italy had 1,855 and Austria-Hungary 11,000 banks in 1911, Belgium a smaller number. In England, probably owing to the system of land tenure, rural co-operation has not succeeded, but is prospering in Ireland, and the Government supports a system in India. It is in Germany that, with unostentatious beginnings, the movement has developed its largest proportions. The Schulze-Delitzsch banks are self-supporting, independent, and largely profit-making,

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though the members of course alone have an interest in profits. The minimum shares are about $30 and the average is not less than $85. Each member has an unlimited liability in almost every case.

The Schulze-Delitzsch banks were over 1,000 in number January 1, 1912, and are affiliated with the General Union and Economic Co-operative Societies. The volume of the business which they conduct is very large. They are mainly supported by the industrial population. In distinction to the Raiffeisen banks, they make only short-time loans. According to returns made by 952 of them at the close of 1911, credit was afforded in the course of that year, in the form of new loans or extensions of old ones, to the aggregate amount of $1,053,848,000, or an average of $1,107,000 for each society. The volume of outstanding loans at the close of the year was $308,340,000.

The General Union includes, besides the Schulze-Delitzsch banks, some 290 consumers' societies or co-operative stores, of which 273 reported that they sold goods to the gross value of $17,715,000 during 1911 at a net profit, principally distributed in rebates, of $1,671,000.

The Central Union had 1,103 consumers' societies enrolled with it on January 1, 1911, embraced 1,171,763 members, and did a gross business during the year amounting to $73,050,000. Nearly $13,000,000 worth of the goods sold was manufactured by the societies themselves in bakeries and similar establishments connected with their salesrooms. The Central Union itself maintains one or two cigar factories, one match, and one soap factory, and exercises general control and supervision over a limited liability company known as the Wholesale Purchasing Company for German Consumers' Societies, which is located at Hamburg and buys domestically and imports from abroad for further distribution to the individual societies. It reports the gross value of its 1911 business at $26,086,000, as compared with $21,104,000 in 1910.

The dairy or milk-vending societies are engaged in assembling the milk and dairy products of their members and selling them on joint account so as to secure the advantages of large-scale dealing.

Under the designation "other agricultural purchasing and selling societies" have been grouped various organizations selling farm products other than those of the dairy,

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and those which purchase for their members the raw materials of the farm.

The 403 industrial purchasing societies, including 98 associations of retail grocers, banded together for co-operative wholesale buying, reported a total business in 1911 amounting to $22,834,000; and 73 selling societies, out of 454 reported in existence, returned the volume of their 1911 business at $3,638,000. Statistics of the business done by co-operative societies of all kinds during the year 1911 have been appearing during the last few months. A compilation shows that 31,981 co-operative societies representing an aggregate membership of about 5,000,000 persons were in existence January 1, 1912. The aggregate value of their property holdings on that date is reckoned at $161,364,000; the aggregate volume of their yearly turnover in the way of credit afforded and food, houses, raw materials, and so on, provided at $6,188,000,000, and the total amount of outside capital employed at $1,029,707,000.

The Raiffeisen banks were organized to supply the needs of the poorer class of people. There were originally no shares or entrance fees, and though the law made subscription of shares and the payment of dividends compulsory in 1889, the shares are as small as possible, ten marks being a usual figure.

The principal safeguard for loans from these banks are that they are made only to members of the group to which persons known to be trustworthy are admitted, membership being confined to persons residing within a small district and personally known to one another. The members being mutually responsible, it is the interest of all members to help a fellow-member when he is in difficulties. The borrower is required to find sureties or to get other collateral security for the repayment of the loan, and he binds himself to apply it to a specific purpose which will bring in a sufficient return to enable him to pay the sum borrowed with interest and to leave a profit for himself. All these safeguards are not adopted indeed in all cases. Loans are sometimes given on the borrower's note of hand without any collateral security.

The number of Raiffeisen banks increased by 683 in the course of the year 1912, or 4.2 per cent., as compared with 1911. Their combined capital grew, according to the provisional figures, to $650,000,000 from $605,464,000 at the

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end of 1910, and the volume of savings deposits and deposits on current account to $570,000,000 from $444,108,000 at the end of 1910. On January 1, 1913, 16,927 Raiffeisen banks were in operation within the empire.

The development of co-operative credits with us will lead on to the fuller enlargement of the system: to co-operative production, co-operative marketing, and co-operative buying. A development of loans with banks without a prompt outlet for the funds will be helpless and useless. Their very success, as has been pointed out, in gathering funds may be the cause of their failure. The safeguard will be found in an extension to the needs of the country: co-operative creameries, shipping-stations, packing-houses, cold-storage warehouses, evaporating plants, and so on. The mortgage bank can advance money to build and equip such undertakings on the credit of their owners, the annuitive payment coming out of the profits.

This system of business is indeed in more or less full operation in every civilized country of the world: England and her colonies, Germany, France, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Hungary, Northern Italy, Russia, and Bohemia. In fact, Europe is united in a great Co-operative Alliance and an International Alliance is becoming active.

Co-operative manufacturing and co-operative merchandizing have been developed in Great Britain for nearly half a century, animated by the thrift, energy, enterprise, and zeal for social service which are beginning to manifest themselves among us. Directors of the co-operative society of Manchester, which is made up of nearly 12,000 retail societies doing a business of something like £30,000,000 worth of sales per annum, is managed by thirty-two directors, elected by the local societies, giving their entire time for a salary of £350 each per annum.

Among the larger societies in Great Britain are the well-known Army and Navy Stores, the English Co-operative Wholesale Society, and the Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society.

The first payment in the British co-operative societies may be about a shilling as the first instalment on the shares and entitles the subscriber to all the membership privileges, consisting chiefly of lower prices on purchases.

When a share is paid up to the full value of a pound, interest is allowed usually at 5 per cent., with a privilege of

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increasing the capital up to £200 bearing interest also at 5 per cent. Of course the principal can be withdrawn at any time with the same freedom that savings can be taken from the savings-bank. In England the law does not allow members to have shares in any one society in excess of £200. Ten to fifteen per cent. dividend is usually paid at the end of six months' purchases.

Great things are expected from a new movement to link together the English trade-unions and the co-operative societies. The probable membership of the combination has been estimated at about 4,000,000. The working arrangement, fusion, amalgamation, or whatever it may be called, will identify the unions closely with the co-operative organization, and the loyalty of the workers to their unions will be devoted to the cause of co-operative trading. An enormous increase in the co-operative turnover would appear to be an inevitable sequel. Not only will the societies gain as customers thousands of trade-unionists who now deal with private shopkeepers, but present co-operatives who are also trade-unionists will be stimulated to give more of their trade to the societies when these bodies have become closely associated with the trade-unions. Clearly the present co-operative trade of £100,000,000 does not represent anything like the purchasing power of 4,000,000 members. There may well be a rise in the co-operative turnover until it approximates £400,000,000 a year.

The prevailing greed of our average business man, attracted by the great opportunity in the development of the country and for making money through participation in "ground-floor" enterprises based upon the control of franchises, and all sorts of natural production, has regarded with contempt such a function as the management of co-operative undertakings. Not only is such opportunity passing with the new era, which is apparently opening, but it seems not improbable that higher standards of civilization will prevail, and that after readjustments have been made our kings of finance, our barons of commerce and industry, may perforce be satisfied to find outlet for their powers in the guidance of affairs which may give them a fair and honorable living and in which a full and worthy scope may be found for their capacity.

It is hardly possible to dwell with more emphasis upon the desirability of co-operation than upon the difficulties in the

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way of its general adoption. The effects of co-operative membership, besides its political and social influences, must increase the dignity of humanity, reduce the high cost of living, cultivate the habit of economy, increase gross savings, and give people of moderate means money to spend on the better things of life after provision for food, clothes, and shelter. The system would limit and perhaps do away with the enormous economic waste of advertising with the many evils depending upon it.

It is impossible to realize what the dynamic force might be of these great energies converted to the service of mankind, which hitherto have done incidentally nothing more than build up great enterprises and vast fortunes for their creators. It may be that the fulfilment of the ideal is a remote one, but no sudden alteration is suggested in the conditions of humanity. Greening's prediction to Lloyd fifteen years ago was that co-operation once started in the United States would reach a far greater development than in England. In the Northwest, New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts movements of considerable moment and large promise are perhaps in the way of fulfilling it. In small ways also it has begun here and there a safe and moderate development. The immediate interest in the whole matter lies in the fact that, as has been suggested, the great uprising of our day has given an effectual warning that those opportunities for personal acquisition which have been so successfully used, even though we are willing to admit that they have not under the circumstances been criminally misused, will no longer exist. The people do not want gifts of libraries and colleges, picture-galleries, laboratories and endowments, nor paternal profit-sharing, but real free co-operation. They ask for service rendered, for moderate remuneration. And if we would read the handwriting on the wall, perhaps we may say that the success of genuine co-operation is the one means of escaping State Socialism.

Our shifting population is a hindrance. The vested interests, of course, stand in the way of co-operative distribution. The department stores, real-estate owners, the mail-order people, the great advertising systems; in short, all capitalistic businesses in general are necessarily arrayed against a rival with such tremendous claims. The idea presupposes that customers will take a little trouble to go around the most expensive corner block to an humbler site,

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that they will be alert to safeguard and look after their own interests and their own undertakings and to fight shy of all the false and fantastical methods for which they know they have to pay. Of little co-operative organizations familiar to the writer, the Harvard Co-operative Society in Cambridge has had a very profitable and prosperous career, though of course it had the advantage of being brought to the attention of a special clientage and of fine courage in its management.

The little co-operative undertakings are making their way among friendly groups of people in spite of the usual difficulties inherent to novel experiment. Even shareholders often let their shares lie dormant because the relations with the regular tradesman, necessary since all supplies cannot be furnished by the co-operative emporium, are unpleasantly strained, because details of delivery and so on cannot be at once perfected, and even because the household servants grumble at being deprived of the visits of the familiar grocers' boys and butchers' boys! Let it be noted that it is the " little wings " to carry us over such " little things " that must be relied upon for success.

Above all, we must look for great co-operative growth to the general development of those principles of thrift among us which perhaps our bitterest lessons have yet been insufficient to teach, for the acceptance of a standard which shall regard care for small savings as an honor and not a disgrace, and which shall recognize as the most important teaching of the Gospels that wonderful lesson of economy, after the manifestation of overflowing bounty, when its ministers were admonished to " Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing may be lost."

ERVING WINSLOW.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

REUNITING THE CHURCHES

THE Editor of this REVIEW requests an opinion from me of Dr. Fosdick's article, in the May number, on "Reuniting the Church." It is a forcible expression of thoughts now in the mind of many churchmen, whatever their denomination. Dr. Fosdick mentions the Christian Unity Foundation, and I speak as a member of that body, and shall refer to several conferences that have been held by it; but what I say is not to be taken as binding the Foundation or any of its members except myself.

I could wish that Dr. Fosdick had used the plural in his title—making it, Reuniting the Churches—for does not this better describe the situation? The oftener I have had the privilege of conferring with members of various religious bodies in connection with our Foundation, the more evident it has been that (to quote one of our articles of incorporation) all these denominations possess "actual membership in the one body of Christ": that essential unity has not been absolutely broken by our unhappy divisions. In which connection one can hardly quote too often the fervid words of Bishop Andrewes, of the Church of England: "Though our government be of divine right, it follows not that without it there is no salvation, or that a church cannot exist. He must be blind who does not see churches existing without it. He must be made of iron who denies them salvation. We are not those iron people. We make a wide difference between those things."* The phraseology savors of the Reformation period, but the gist of it is not out of date. There is one body, and one Holy Spirit. External union is an outward manifestation of this spiritual unity. External union has been more or less broken; and to restore it is the desire of those who pray for "reuniting the churches"; though uniformity is not to be confounded with union, and alliance is not necessarily unity.

We Americans find in our political experience a helpful, though inadequate, analogy which illustrates the difference between unity and union. Our United States, although they have union, nearly lost it. If the Southern Confederacy had been effected, outward union would have been broken between North and South; but their spiritual, racial unity would not necessarily have been quite destroyed, and union might have been restored. Nevertheless we regarded the manifest union of all the States as so precious, that for the sake of it we were willing to sacrifice much blood and treasure. In the process of the years the evils of disunion among

* Cited by Dr. H. E. Thompson, *The Historic Episcopate,* p. 239.

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the churches have been realized more and more. Each of them has suffered and learned much. No portion of the divided Church has been without fruits of the Spirit. Under the auspices of the Christian Unity Foundation, in friendly and illuminating conferences, individuals of several of the separated denominations have—unofficially and informally—assembled to pray and to discuss such questions as these: What has each denomination learned by its own experience? If union should be restored, even if there must be some subtraction of present peculiarities, what must each denomination hold to, and bring with it? Are our principles to-day quite the same as our forefathers' were? and do we not now lay less stress than formerly, or a different stress, on matters which still keep us from full communion? What steps have you already taken to improve your order? Since episcopacy — Greek, Roman, Anglican, Methodist—is already the preponderant method, is not episcopacy one key to the situation as to reunion in the Church of the Reconciliation? and how far might episcopal government be practically recognized as the center of governmental unity, by virtue of the power committed to the people of God, without insisting that episcopacy be recognized as the sole channel of divine grace, and without an obligatory philosophy, or theory, of Holy Orders? Without presuming to bind, or even pretending to represent adequately the denominations to which we severally belong, what would we as individuals be willing to drop, if by so doing reunion could be secured? and what creed can we all join in? Which of our denominations are nearest now? and cannot they get together to begin with?

After our conference with Presbyterians, the late Judge William M. Lanning, a prominent Presbyterian, said to me: "I confess that before this conference I had little hope of reunion between Episcopalians and Presbyterians; but I am going away with the happy hope that, sooner or later, reunion is not impossible. And I thank God for it." Not a few, of various denominations, have felt likewise; though the very reality and spontaneity of our conferences made us profoundly aware of the difficulties. Certainly, when we parted, we all felt that our intellectual and spiritual modesty had deepened. Our Foundation's leaflets, published with an account of our conferences with Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Disciples of Christ, and others, will be of interest to readers of this REVIEW, especially in connection with the Australian Resolutions.

There is so much to say, in so limited a space, that I hardly know what to omit. It was a remark of Luther, in his later years: "I tell my God that if He will have His Church, He must govern her Himself. We cannot do it; and if we thought we could, we should be the proudest asses under heaven." Dr. Fosdick speaks wisely and well of the popular impatience of the waste of spiritual energy, and the glaring inefficiency of the churches. Yet in our efforts to cure inefficiency we must remember that human standards of efficiency may not be God's standard. A young man, burdened with doubts as to God's providential care of the world, once said to me, in the characteristic slang of the day, "God doesn't seem to get there." I answered, "Are you sure you know where God intends to get?" It is in this view that I agree with Dr. Fosdick that the church union of the future may be on other lines than we conceive of. So far as we Americans can see, however, and so long as democracy prevails, the united church, while governed constitutionally,

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will not be organized for one-man power; nor will the Italian, nor even the European cast of mind, be absolutely dominant. Yet we Americans need not expect that the united church will, on the other hand, be a sort of mere Holding Company. And the awful duty of private judgment will be safeguarded, so that the ministers of God's Word may commend themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God. There will be no extreme centralization; though it will not be supposed that every man is his own theologian, any more than every man is his own scientist or economist.

Dr. Fosdick thinks there will be "no credal subscription"; but in our Unity conferences I do not remember that any one, of any denomination, expressed himself as unable to accept the Apostles' Creed. In another place Dr. Fosdick speaks of "a transforming faith in the spiritual meaning of life." Is not that a creed? Even agnosticism and materialism are creeds. In proportion to our intellectuality, demonstrated premises are conducive to our faith; but our creed is also a matter of our will—of our will to live. Human inferences from revealed facts are not infallible; so that to subject doctrinal inferences to a perpetual stream of criticism may be but "to love God with one's mind"; but real criticism involves real faith, and a creed to start with. Therefore in avoiding over-definition, and the disposition to build up charges of inferential and constructive heresy, the united church will not be without credal subscription; for some such subscription is essential to co-operative organization among reasonable human beings. It is the basis of personal devotion; and Christianity is personal devotion to Jesus Christ in fellowship with men.

Dr. Fosdick's article, therefore, taken as a whole, seems to me somewhat inconclusive and disappointing; too utilitarian, too careless of organic union. To some persons my article also may be disappointing. But this may not be a fault on the part of either of us.

"They see not clearliest who see all things clear."

The Christian church is still young. Probably we are yet in the primitive era of Christianity; for nineteen centuries are but a fraction of the years that lie before mankind. In spite of all that is to the contrary, Dr. Fosdick considers, with Dr. Carroll, that the sixteen Baptist bodies should be united; the eighteen Methodist reduced to three or four; the twelve Presbyterians to three; the twelve Mennonite to two. But Ambassador Bryce, in his inaugural address to the Conference of Historians, speaking of the wonderful unification of the whole earth under the swift changes of the last twenty years, concludes that as commerce and finance and politics have followed in the wake of science in all this process, so will religion: that as eight great political powers sway the world to-day, and already practically there are only four great religions, so a century hence possibly only three great faiths will remain. Is it, then, impossible that Christians everywhere may by and by compass reunion? or that the vision of that great seer, Dr. W. R. Huntington, may be fulfilled—"American Catholicity, with a simple creed, a varied worship, a generous polity"? Let his watchword be ours: "Hope on, Hope ever."

George William Douglas.

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York.

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THE PLEASURE OF FAMILIAR PLAYS

In the May number of the REVIEW, Mr. Firkin's adroitly named article —"The Source of Pleasure in Familiar Plays"—seems to me to have missed the point even more signally than Mr. Archer's contention in his book, *Play-making: A Manual of Craftsmanship,* in which he "draws a sharp distinction between curiosity which pursues the unknown and dramatic interest 'which survives when curiosity is dead.'"

EVERY observer of the drama will, I am sure, agree that some part of the delight we feel in witnessing a familiar play consists in the perception of subtle points of craftsmanship which have hitherto eluded notice; in welcoming old friends and old jokes with hospitable indulgence; even in "a curiosity dependent on the fiction of ignorance" with which we deceive ourselves as the dramatic narrative follows its well-worn course. Yet such diversions have no power to revive a mediocre piece. No play is as dead as the reigning success of last year or the year before. And it may be doubted whether they quite explain the spell which the classics have exerted on mankind through so many centuries. Is it nothing more than Shakespeare's technical skill which has invested Rosalind with perennial youth and beauty? Is it only "a curiosity dependent upon the fiction of ignorance" which has made Hamlet the supreme delight of every succeeding generation?

Personally I find Mr. Archer's "original" suggestion far more to the point. He recognizes a deeper pleasure in the "foreknowledge" one enjoys when witnessing a well-known play. "Our seat in the theater is like a seat on the Epicurean Olympus" which enables us to "taste for the moment the glory of omniscience." This is also, perhaps, a too trivial explanation of our unquenchable delight in the classics; yet to my mind it is a sound half-truth which carries one a long way forward.

Far from being new, however, the idea is familiar to the least analytical, the most empirical, man of the theater. And it is applied to new plays quite as confidently as to old. The late Frank Mayo used to warn aspiring dramatists against leaving the audience in doubt, even for a moment, as to any important detail regarding a character or situation; and he illustrated the point (with a conviction which perhaps surpassed his modesty) by citing the treatment of the finger-prints in his dramatization of "Pudd'nhead Wilson." From the outset the plot was foreshadowed; all that remained unknown was the *manner* of its development. In very similar terms Mr. Wilton Lackaye has lauded the skill with which, in the dramatization of "Trilby," the audience is shown the nature and potency of Svengali's hypnotic spells, and told how he intends to use them against the heroine. Even Mr. Archer's figures of speech have been anticipated, though crudely. Mr. Mayo used to say, and no doubt many a man before him: "People in the play may be fooled to the top of their bent; but an audience must be like God—it must know everything."

The same principle is illustrated in the fact, frequently commented on in the world of the theater, that no "mystery story" has been successfully dramatized. A novelist may introduce us into the thick of an unsolved murder, and keep us guessing, through several hundreds of

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breathless pages, as to which of the varied characters is the criminal. If the leading figure can be successfully involved in mystery, the result is especially effective. This sort of story is occasionally elevated to the dignity of literature, as in certain of the tales of Edgar Allen Poe. On the stage, as far as I know, it does not even make good melodrama. From the outset the audience requires to know which is the hero and which the villain; and it requires, furthermore, to feel always assured that, however dark the hour may be, in the end the hero will triumph and the villain be crushed. In certain popular melodramas, as Mr. Archer himself has somewhere observed, this principle is deemed so important that the hero is shown triumphant at the end of each and every act.

In artistic drama, even in high comedy and tragedy, a similar principle obtains, though it is veiled beneath a subtler simulation of the complex texture of actual life. In every character virtues modulate into their cognate vices, qualities into their defects. Yet the sympathetic mind is never for a moment at a loss as to which side in the dramatic conflict is the side of the angels—and of the author. Othello is jealous, but the great gods love him. Hamlet is weak—but he is Shakespeare. Even as they die, we rejoice in them.

Here I am reminded of another of those managerial rules of thumb, so crudely phrased, and so firmly based on experience: "It isn't enough to let your audience know everything, like God; you've got to make it get right up on the stage with your hero—hold him back from doing the wrong thing, and push him on to do the right one. In every good play the audience is the chief actor." This saying, I take it, carries us a step beyond Mr. Archer's analysis. His gods are Epicurean; they have no touch of the gods of Æschylus, no touch of Jehovah. For the moment he ignores the fact that wherever the drama rises to the heights it is a vital, propulsive force in human existence.

In brief, the well-springs of dramatic art minister to the thirst of the human soul. We have all of us hopes and desires far beyond the possibilities of life to realize. Who would care to see Shakespeare acted if he could himself for the time in his own person, be Hamlet or Rosalind? What good citizen of Athens would have frequented the theater if his life offered him scope for the heroism of Prometheus or of Alcestis? In our narrow lives from day to day a thousand large impulses are thwarted, a thousand aspirations quenched. But under the spell of great art they are realized—if only in imagination, and for a moment.

With this quenchless thirst of the spirit all graceful Epicurean delights have nothing to do—the stimulation of an idle curiosity by means of the minor arts of suspense and surprise; the mazes of a well-exploited mystery; even a flawless artistry in legtimate technique. Such delights may amuse our leisure; but once known, they are as empty of real interest as last year's nests. If the drama has small place for them it is because, even in its humbler forms, it is at once the largest and the most concentrated of arts. It has been well said—and by Mr. Archer, among others—that no theme is worthy of the stage unless it centers in a struggle for something greater than any mere question of life and death. The protagonist in the drama is the immortal spirit; and what it demands in the theater is to feel not only omniscience

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but omnipotence. No trick or concealment is tolerable which holds us from spreading our wings, and no play is ever stale which lures to the loftier flights.

JOHN CORBIN.

WHAT IS SOCIALISM?

A REJOINDER TO SOME CRITICISMS.

THE articles recently appearing in this REVIEW under the general title of "What is Socialism?" brought numerous letters to the Editor and the writer. This correspondence is of significance for at least three reasons.

First, almost without exception, the REVIEW'S correspondents were Socialists. Here and there was a letter from the opposing camp, but these were few. From this I draw the conclusion—strongly impressed upon me before but now reinforced—that while the supporters of the revolutionary movement are active in carrying on their campaign its opponents are indifferent to the dangers facing them. This attitude explains the enormous strides Socialism is making. The Socialist is tireless. He is an omnivorous reader. In the reading-rooms it is the Socialist who is devouring the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and similar American and foreign publications, earnestly studying what the opponents or supporters of Socialism write, always ready to join the issue, giving circulation by word of mouth to every argument or plea that will advance his cause. Socialist literature and Socialist speakers spread the doctrine, but little if any attempt is made to rebut or to reach the dissatisfied on the border-line willing to listen to reason if properly presented, who join the ranks of the revolutionists because they hear only one side.

Second.—These letters breathe conviction. Whether we believe Socialism is right or wrong, it is evident that to the Socialist his cause is just. He does not question; he knows. It is that profound confidence in the righteousness of the cause he has espoused that makes Socialism the vital—and dangerous—thing it is and constitutes the menace to society. The sincerity of the Socialist is as striking as the indifference of his opponent, whose courage may be no less, but who is content to oppose a resolute advance by wilfully closing his eyes.

Third.—These letters show that Socialism is confined to no one class or profession, that it has wiped out sectionalism and broken down the artificial boundaries of geographers. One is not surprised to receive a letter supporting Socialism from that hotbed of lawlessness Los Angeles, but it is somewhat bewildering that a man writing from Wall Street (who is courageous enough to give his name and his office-building) should avow his belief. New Ulm (Minnesota), Washington, Nashville, Seattle, great centers as well as places having only a local fame, are represented in the correspondence; clergymen, newspaper writers, workingmen, lawyers, and men whose occupations or professions are unclassified, have read these articles and thought proper to expose the fallacies of the author.

I said in one of my articles that the reason Socialism had obtained such a hold was the belief of its votaries, nearly always sincere and very

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frequently disinterested, that it would ameliorate social conditions and lead to the suppression of poverty. Thus writes one of my correspondents, whose every word stamps him as a man of deep sincerity who has given earnest thought to pressing social problems: "To be frank, I, like thousands of others, have joined the Socialistic movement, not for its historical mission, but through economic oppression. To-day Socialism is to me what the synagogue was for my father, a hope for a better present and a gateway to heaven." This is the burden of all the letters. The world is to be rejuvenated, reformed, remade through Socialism. It cannot abolish death, but it will drive out everything else of which man now complains.

If I believed this I should be a Socialist. So, I think, would all my friends whose views are similar to my own. But it is because we cannot believe this, it is because our reasoning has convinced us that Socialism instead of improving conditions would bring greater confusion, greater injustice, greater inequality, and set back progress instead of advancing it, that we endeavor to lead men in the proper direction and to point out the dangers we would avert and the evils not to be contemplated without fear.

Socialism I declared to be wrong, fundamentally wrong, and it *is* wrong because it is an attempt to subvert economic laws and to defy the laws of nature. Several of my correspondents write that Socialism would do away with "wage slavery" and "the exploitation of labor"; that instead of "profits," which they hold to be the cause of low wages and long hours of labor, every person would receive a "labor credit," which would substitute honesty for our present system of legalized robbery. I cannot in the limited space at my command do more than again remind my readers that the Socialist is not so much concerned in abolishing profits as he is in receiving some of those profits himself, which he believes would be paid in the form of higher wages. No fault can be found with this; it is not only perfectly natural but also perfectly proper that every man should desire higher wages, but what the Socialist cannot see, or refuses to admit if he is capable of clear thinking, is that he would not destroy "wage slavery" and he could not bring about equality, and he is always professing to be striving for equality. The so-called "labor credit" would not materially differ from the existing wage system, for every man who now works receives credit for his labor and is paid for it in money, which he may do with as he pleases; under Socialism his "labor credit" would be satisfied either in money or the right to obtain goods manufactured by the community to be charged against his labor credit, or the services of others, who in turn would be given credit for the work performed. The method of recompense and payment would be different, but the practical effect would be the same. As for equality—that is, equality of work or equality of compensation—that is impossible. All men are not born equal, neither do they remain equal. One man is born with a better brain, another with greater strength, another with more will power. One man is either born with ambition or acquires it; his ambition makes him overcome difficulties and he succeeds. Another man is indolent, still another is hard-working but unintelligent. Shall the stupid man who can do nothing except what he is told—and even then does it very badly—receive as

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high reward as the directing hand or brain? How long does any one suppose that state of affairs would last? One of my Socialist correspondents, after decrying profits, makes this original suggestion: "Now let us get together on a broad platform and declare that the laborer and worker shall be rewarded by a Board of Industry according to the grade and quality of his services." Is not this very thing being done every day in the year? Are not men now rewarded according to the quality of their services? The Socialist is forced to recognize that inequality of service must result in inequality of compensation.

One may as well talk about the equality of animals or the equality of trees or the equality of substances as the equality of men. Why are not all horses equal—equal in courage or strength or beauty or intelligence; in the same orchard are some apple trees better than others; why does one mine produce coal of the highest quality while that from an adjoining mine is inferior? Let he who can answer these questions, but until he does let him keep silent about the equality of man. Man never has been equal. I do not say that his dream may not be realized some time in the distant future, but in our present stage of development it is an impossibility.

I repeat what I said in my previous articles. The existing social system is not perfect. Many things are permitted to be done that society for its own good ought to prohibit. In every community there is an element that has just cause for complaint. The reward of labor is often unfair, inequitable, insufficient. These things I recognize; these things, I think, every thoughtful man is compelled to admit. What is wrong I believe ultimately will be corrected, for I have profound faith in the development of man and the progress of society, but I do not believe that man will improve or society will make progress if science is abandoned in the pursuit of empiricism.

A. Maurice Low.

Church of St. John the Evangelist.

Syracuse, New York, *April 23, 1913.*

Dear Editor,—The usually accurate Sydney Brooks, in his article on "Aspects of the Income Tax," in the April issue of your valuable periodicals, falls into a grave error.

The Civil War amendments were both assented to and participated in by the seceding States. Mr. Seward did not issue his proclamation until twenty-seven of the thirty-six States had ratified. They probably did not act from the heart, but the United States Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of their ratification.

I am, dear sir, Michael Clune.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

VIRGINIA. By ELLEN GLASGOW. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1913.

WE have said elsewhere of this book: In this great realistic novel, a woman's heart, at the mercy of a system and a tradition, reflects the entire history of a people. It is not only a personal history; it is the "new history which in its amplest meaning includes every trace and vestige of everything that man has thought and done." We have here the history which is conscious that the tiniest stirrings of emotion, the surprises, the set convictions of the obscurest individual are a legitimate part of the structure of life and go to the making of a civilization. As Arnold Bennett has immortalized the "Five Towns," so Ellen Glasgow has caught and set in lasting mold the civilization of a certain period in Virginia.

A great realistic novel; this phrase gives the key-note to any criticism that can be made of *Virginia*. "Great fiction," its author says elsewhere, "is neither more nor less than great truth-telling." To hold up the mirror of life, to see the figures there reflected without distorting glamour, or subjective breathings, and then to give honest report of what is seen; this is to be the great writer of fiction.

The state of Virginia, so long a picturesque survival into a new age, has suffered no little from the sentimental tenderness of her historians. It is human, probably, to regard the past through a softening haze that blurs outlines and modifies ugliness. It is the greatest of Miss Glasgow's achievements that she has always been able to see with precision, and the value of her novels lies in their untrammelled sincerity. She knows her own land from beginning to end; she has watched its development; she has noted those who are at ease in their environment, those who have rebelled and by rebellion made the entering-wedge for progress. Virginia, in this case, however, is not the name of a country, but of a woman; a typical woman of her locality and her time, the early eighties. She is a woman who has never questioned the traditions in which she was bred and whose reading and experiences have given her no glimpses into a wider or more varied life. Virginia is beautiful, gentle, self-sacrificing. She felt ardently, but she neither thought nor read. Indeed, it was a part of the very tradition in which she was reared that reading was a luxury for the idle, only to be indulged in as one would in dancing. Education was not so much a mental preparation for ac-

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quiring an understanding of life as a moral training for self-sacrifice; for this, according to tradition, was the sole object of a woman's life. Before marriage, beauty and joyousness and freedom from care were but the duteous means of attracting a husband, but after marriage one became a slave to that convention which regards the continuance of life as its sole object. Not that life should gain in value and worth, but that it should go on, was the objective-point of woman's creation; and to this theory Virginia devoted herself instinctively.

"Your first duty now," was her mother's parting admonition to her after her marriage, "is to your husband. His will must be yours now, and wherever your ideas cross, it is your duty to give up, darling. It is the woman's part to sacrifice herself." And so with outworn traditions, sheltered by a fallacious view of life, Virginia falls in love, marries, bears children, suffers the pangs and knows the rewards of motherhood, and learns that the fruits of renunciation are more renunciations. She flings away her youth, her beauty, her part in the outside world in the service of wifehood and motherhood, only to find in the end that the world has moved on without her; that as she gave up, others fulfilled their lives and that fate demands more of us than mere renunciation. It demands the will-to-live, to create, to add to the fullness of consciousness and being.

If the first book in this novel is idyllic, the last one is poignantly and unrelentingly austere. The great chapter in the first book is "White Magic," a chapter which in poetic loveliness may be set beside the famous nineteenth chapter of *Richard Feveral*. The great chapter in the end is "Bitterness." With the truth of the historian and psychologist, to whom nothing so much matters as fact, Ellen Glasgow preserves a complete fidelity to life. What was lovely and exquisite in her heroine remains so to the last. Virginia trained in gentleness and self-restraint retains these virtues to the last. She accepts, almost unconsciously, the slow withdrawal of personalities that comes between her husband and herself without recriminations or scenes or quarrels, but only with the slowly divergent interests, till there is nothing of soul that one can give the other; so that when the physical bond is broken the partners wake suddenly to find that nothing is left.

It is a profound tragedy that Miss Glasgow depicts, and in these days, when traditions are breaking up and ties are loosening, her tale carries a fine moral.

The English of this book is faithful to the coloring of the author's spirit. Unforced and unadorned except where the subject is of itself poetic, it is throughout of a classic purity. There is not a trace of the modern mixing up of the parts of speech, or of modish defacements of the language. As far as language goes it might have been written in the days of Addison himself.

Indeed from many points of view, Ellen Glasgow's work bears the imprint of permanency. She has never courted public favor; she has never written a "best-seller" for applause or money; but like Hardy, like Meredith, like John Galsworthy, she does the work to the highest reach of her capacity and leaves the results to Life. But her books are more likely than any other American novels of this day to find a place on the ultimate and permanent shelves of literature.

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THE ENJOYMENT OF POETRY. By MAX EASTMAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1913.

Always we have more or less obscurely understood that the age-long quarrel between the poetic mind and the practical mind has been based upon an incompatibility of temperament rather than a conflict of beliefs. Temperamental quarrels, we know, are often precisely the bitterest; yet, unlike quarrels of conviction, they tend to disappear as their underlying cause becomes more clearly understood. Thus, true discernment, while it seems to erect barriers, often in reality dissolves them. No sooner has William James propounded his famous distinction between the "tough-minded" and the "tender-minded" than we perceive that no one belongs wholly to either class; and from that moment each is in a better position for mutual understanding.

As effectual in its way is the evidently sound distinction which Max Eastman has drawn in his book, *The Enjoyment of Poetry,* between the poetic and the practical. Like most sound distinctions, this turns out to be not a gulf, but a line of light and shade. Once we have glimpsed the shadowy demarcation — shadowy, but real — we see, as thinkers, what the artist sees in nature—that there are no absolute divisions. Then we may begin to enjoy literature and life more genuinely and to use them both to better purpose.

Fundamentally the distinction lies in this: that practical people habitually view things in relation to some ulterior purpose, and name them accordingly, while the poetic instinct aims at vivid realization and chooses the names that help realization most. Very simple the distinction seems, but in its simplicity its great utility resides. The difference between the poetic and the practical is not an imaginary cross-section, but a natural line of cleavage: it runs through literature and on into life. It separates one mood from another, one kind of conversation from another, one kind of book from another. In short, it is a vital distinction, and in accepting it we must accept what it implies—what adheres to it on each side—both the poetry and the prose.

And if we accept it we shall see, more clearly, perhaps, than ever before, that poetry is not merely prettiness "printed and bound in little books," but that it is essentially the desire for realization throbbing through life and through language. The same cause, we perceive, explains the creation of slang—which is often poetry in the rough—and the instinctive desire to taste experience to the full. Moreover, we cannot help seeing that if life without purpose is insignificant, life without at least some degree of realization would have, so to speak, no substance: so that a wholly unpoetic world would be a world of abstract relations merely. In practice there is room—there is need—for both worlds. In words that recall certain utterances of Professor Münsterberg, Mr. Eastman emphasizes the fact that "things are and continue to be what the poet names them, whatever else they may be, or be named, by the scientist." Elsewhere he enforces the wholesome truth that poetry and purposeful achievement are not incompatible. "We are all," he remarks, "except those lost in apathy, in some degree both poetic and practical. But the example of the hero proves that it is possible for a man, who can think clearly and command the differences that lie within him, to be both poetic and practical in a high degree."

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The clear definition of poetry considered psychologically—that is, vitally—persuades more powerfully toward its enjoyment than any amount of critical eloquence; for it may be doubted if the rhetoric of appreciation ever really does more than confirm tastes already formed. Carrying on his method of analysis, Mr. Eastman shows that the poetic naming of things really enriches our experience of them. Children know this instinctively; in some degree we feel the truth of it every day of our lives. We might well be content with the simple correlation of poetic with ordinary experience; but if we seek further explanation, the process of poetic naming may be described as one of selection and comparison. The mind selects the point for most intense realization, and memory deepens the effect. Similarly, another familiar fact of experience—the fact that imaginative realization is often more intense than reality itself—affords a simple explanation of the spell of poetry—a spell not to be accounted unreal or illusory, since it is part of the very fabric of life. Incidentally, we find that the poetic figures are by no means indirect modes of expression, but that they contain the very essence of directness.

In detail the author discusses, from the psychological as opposed to the rhetorical standpoint, things, action, emotion, and thought as realized in poetry. In so doing he sweeps aside several "limiting definitions." Emotion, for instance, is not, he maintains, "the essence nor a definitive feature of poetry. The most practical language—like earnest achieve- ... awaken the emotions. It is not the existence of these emotions, but our attitude toward them that distinguishes the poetic mood. We wish to experience them for their own sake."

Ingenious and plausible, though no indispensable part of the main thesis of the book, is Mr. Eastman's explanation of the effect of rhythm in intensifying realization — an explanation which may strike some readers as leaning a little too heavily for support upon the not too obviously related phenomena of sleep and intoxication.

Mr. Eastman writes both imaginatively and logically. His quotations from a considerable variety of poets seem not merely to illustrate his thought, but to contain the germ of it. They justify the method of the book by the added value they derive from the context in which they are placed.

THE DAFFODIL FIELDS. By JOHN MASEFIELD. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1913.

To find oneself, at this date, reading a long narrative poem, dealing with modern people and situations, and to find oneself, moreover, enjoying every word of it, is an amazing experience. Still more surprising is it to realize that peculiarities which we would have condemned antecedently as soul-offending defects have not offended us in the least. Before the fact, who would have admitted that such a line as

"The Irishman removed his pipe and spoke"

would be tolerable, would be even conceivable, in, of all things, the Spenserian stanza? There are any number of such lines in *The Daffodil Fields*. There are, in fact, whole passages which might tempt derisory comparison with Crabbe's famous description of the dredger who

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"—cold and wet and driving with the tide
Beats his weak arms against his tarry side,
Then drains the remnant of diluted gin
To aid the warmth that languishes within."

Compare with this Mr. Masefield's stanza:

"His footing paid, he joined the living-shed,
Lined with rude bunks and set with trestles: there
He, like the other ranchers, slept and fed,
Save when the staff encamped in open air,
Rounding the herd for branding. Rude and bare
The barrack was; men littered it about
With saddles, blankets blue, old headstalls, many a clout—"

But there is all the difference in the world between Crabbe at his worst and Masefield at his homeliest. For at his homeliest Masefield is still a true poet, and even when he is prosy he is never perfunctory, nor by any chance unintentionally comic. At his best he gives us the purest poetic pleasure. Nothing could be more unexpectedly delicious than a passage such as this:

"The bull-calf gamboled with his tail acock,
Then shyly nosed towards them, scared but tame;
His troublous eyes were sulky with blue flame.
Softly he tiptoed, shying at a touch;
He nosed, his breath came sweet, his pale tongue curled to clutch."

And of such passages there is an extraordinary variety. Fundamental sincerity, singleness of aim, truth of detail—these, with the liquidity of his verse, are the qualities that make Mr. Masefield's plainest narrative acceptable, while they underlie the originality of his finest stanzas. At times he is so naïve an impressionist that we think of him momentarily as a poetic Stephen Crane:

"And there the pickers come, picking for town
Those dancing daffodils; all day they pick;
Hard-featured women, weatherbeaten brown,
Of swarthy red, the color of old brick—"

At other times he gives us beauty of the more traditional sort:

"There are three fields where daffodils are found;
The grass is dotted blue-gray with their leaves;
Their nodding beauty shakes along the ground
Up to a fir-clump shutting out the eaves
Of an old farm, where always the wind grieves
High in the fir boughs, moaning—"

But whatever else he is, he is always genuine. The narrative form suits his genius, and his genius reconciles us to the much-abused narrative form. For the form does not require the poet to be always—or always to pretend to be—under the greatest stress of inspiration, and so it conduces to genuineness. The reader is not weighed down with factitious melancholy, nor oppressed with a heavy atmosphere, nor bedazzled with generalities. Limpid narrative, when no more is required, dialogue that appeals solely by its unrestrained expression of emotion,

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beautiful pictures and poignant emotion upon occasion—what more in all conscience can we ask? It almost seems that one who could fail to feel the charm of Mr. Masefield's verse would be capable of disliking Chaucer! Certainly, if we like *The Daffodil Fields,* we may be sure that what we enjoy is poetry, and that we have not been deluded by a trick of mood or a mere chime of words.

TALES OF THE MERMAID TAVERN. By ALFRED NOYES. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1913.

In his new volume of poems Alfred Noyes does supremely well the thing that he may always be depended upon to do. He pours forth quantities of splendid verse, satisfying in sound and lavish in imagery. Mr. Noyes commands the whole range of his instrument: no one uses with such astonishing variety of effect the power of rhythm to stir and soothe, the subtle music of syllables, or the echoing suggestiveness of words. He has "the touch of velvet and thunder."

It is ungrateful to find fault with poetry that exhilarates if it does not exalt. Of a poet lyrically so gifted it is, perhaps, beside the mark to say that we miss the touch of genius in his phrases, and that he has hardly a line that will bear comparison with a really great line. Of more weight, if it be justified, is the feeling some of us may have that in writing Elizabethan ballads Mr. Noyes has somehow missed (except musically) the ballad note. In other words, the robustness of the verses may seem to us, on the whole, a little sentimental and shrill, and at his best Mr. Noyes makes us think rather of a Shelley or Keats, writing of taverns and adventures instead of clouds or nightingales, than of a Kipling or a Scott. Is the tale of "Black Bill's Honeymoon," in which a burly English seaman hunting for honey in a strange land is plunged up to his neck in a hollow tree full of the treasure he sought, and rescued therefrom by a bear—is this truly written in the spirit of Elizabethan manhood, or is it not conceived full more in the spirit of a nursery tale? Is the tragedy of Kit Marlowe, as told by Mr. Noyes, terrible, or merely intensely sentimental? Are we not dealing, in fact, with an Elizabethan fairyland rather than with anything like the truly Elizabethan scene?

Such questions inevitably arise, but they may be safely suppressed. If Mr. Noyes's Elizabethan world suggests a tapestry, the tapestry at all events wavers to gusts of emotion, it flaps with color, and its glowing figures seem really alive. There is magic in his verse even if we cannot help feeling a lack of the substantial humanity which it so insistently professes to portray.

THE LORE OF PROSERPINE. By MAURICE HEWLETT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1913.

Those who are lured to read Mr. Hewlett's book by the hope of biographical information or in the expectation of discovering the secret of his temperament have only a very moderate satisfaction in store for them. *The Lore of Proserpine* is a hypnotic book: it is a lesson in magic, which will almost teach one how to believe the impossible; but it is far from

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unreservedly biographical, and only in a very indirect way is it a revelation of temperament. Mr. Hewlett does indeed tell us something of his boyhood and of his school days. But such actual details as he gives us serve but as the words of a hypnotist to soothe us into the required trance.

When he was a boy Mr. Hewlett saw in the woods a satyr or faun-like creature in the shape of a youth of about his own age. This we believe, on the whole, easily enough. The description of the creature seems truthful. The supernatural thing is just natural enough and just unnatural enough to be convincing. Mr. Hewlett must have seen the wood-spirit or he could hardly describe the color of its eyes down to the specks in the iris, and we experience a rather pleasantly uncanny feeling when we realize that in some corner of our brains we must always have known that the eyes of such a creature would, in the nature of things, look just so. The thing was amusing itself by half-choking a rabbit. "Just as children squeeze a snap-dragon flower to make it open and shut its mouth, so precisely did he, pressing or releasing the windpipe, cause that poor beast to throw back its lips and dart out its dry tongue. . . . If this creature had been human, upon seeing that I was conscious of its behavior to the rabbit it would either have stopped the moment it perceived that I did not approve or was not amused, or it would have continued deliberately out of bravado. But it neither stopped nor hardily continued. . . . He went on with it mechanically, dreamingly, as if to the excitation of some other sense than sight, that of feeling, for instance. He went on lasciviously, for the sake of the pleasure to be bad."

Throughout the book, and after reading it, this is the picture that remains most persistently before the mental vision. It is supernaturally natural, and it seems to imply, too, a characteristic quality of Mr. Hewlett's mind. This unmoral and appreciative attitude toward cruelty and this unsensual sensuousness are certainly elements in the charm of certain stories of his.

Moreover, he quite persuades us that, as a slightly older boy, he saw a nymph in a brake. Many of us, no doubt, dimly believe that, in spite of science and common sense, such an experience might somehow, sometime, occur to us. If it did, it would happen in some such way as it happened to Mr. Hewlett. Here again we get the effect of vision rather than imagination, and we are impressed with that quality of a surprising reality whereby it always seems both less and more surprising than we would have anticipated. This faculty of day-dreaming (or of seeing the unsubstantial, as you choose to believe) seems to bear somewhat the same relation to Mr. Hewlett's art that Stevenson's power of dreaming by night bore to his.

But when, still in the form of veritable reminiscence, we are told of the supernatural behavior of a woman whose window faced the window of Mr. Hewlett's lodging in London—a woman who was by day the none too reputable wife of a cabman, but at night a fairy, who dropped from her window and floated away light as thistledown to supernatural revels —when we read of this we begin to feel that we have been tricked into a dissipation in credulity. So of the narrations which follow. The story of "Quidnunc," the messenger-boy who was really none other than Hermes, is a masterpiece in its way; the tale of the man who captured

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a fairy which subsequently disappeared carrying his child with it—well, if these things are believable at all they are believable in Mr. Hewlett's version. If the sincere desire to be convinced which the author creates in us could materialize for us the unreal, we should all become seers after one perusal of *The Lore of Proserpine*. But unfortunately we feel a growing inclination to escape from the spell which the book casts upon us. It is as if we were being hypnotized against our will, or as if some strong opiate had been administered to us. After soothing us to pleasant reverie, the narrative produces at last a positive reaction of the nerves.

In philosophizing about the preternatural, Mr. Hewlett explains that spirits, not in themselves visible or tangible or audible, have physical qualities for us merely because they could in no other way become perceptible. When they are unseen they are not unreal, nor when they are seen are they really substantial. Analogously, if we may be permitted to speculate on the author's purpose in writing this strange book, we may conceive him as saying to us: "Such is the quality of my experience, such is the temper of my thought—of what I tend to believe. But if it were not clothed upon with a garment of apparent fact, you could not properly apprehend it."

Altogether, *The Lore of Proserpine* is a fascinating but a rather empty book. Unhappily, it does not ring quite true either as fiction or as subjective fact. Mr. Hewlett really appeals not merely to our imagination, but to our faith—to the highest emotion that poetry or religion knows—and we suspect that he does it rather wantonly. The trick seems hardly legitimate: we feel that we have been led to use a high faculty for a base purpose of amusement, and, if we take the book with the earnestness which it seems to demand, we shall feel at the end as if we had been engaged in some sort of delicate psychic debauch. But to whatever depth we look for truth in this narrative of Mr. Hewlett's we cannot fail to delight in the sweetness and rich suggestiveness of his style.

A Small Boy and Some Others. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1913.

Admitting heartily the genius of Henry James in his own peculiar and individual field, one cannot help feeling that the outstanding fact concerning his latest work, *A Small Boy and Some Others,* is that autobiography written Henry-James fashion is very teasing. Here we have, as in his novels, endless impressions, wonderful felicities of phrase, but no perspective, no apparent progress in time, little substantial reality for the mind to cling to. Undoubtedly there is a legitimate fascination in this fine mosaic of suggestions. The reader has now and then an experience like that of watching the development of a photographic plate. Of a sudden, a thing that seemed all meaningless blotches of light and shade, a mere glimmering surface spotted with shadows, is transformed magically into a familiar scene. This is a pleasure worth considerable effort—the pleasure which the mind takes in divining reality beneath perversely flashing and colorful impressions, as the eye divines distance and substance in flat surfaces. But in the end, since we are required to imagine practically all the reality for ourselves, the

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strain upon the constructive faculty becomes rather too great. "Mild apparitionism" is the phrase that the author uses to characterize the images he calls up, and the phrase fits. We are haunted, throughout the book, with the atmosphere of old New York, but it never becomes appreciably thick; we are haunted by intimations of character as fragmentary as messages from the spirit world: we see, in short, the grin of the Cheshire Cat without the cat. Most disappointing of all, the youthful William James hovers through the narrative as the most illusory of ghosts.

We catch, indeed, here and there among the impressions, hints of active influences. Such an influence was evidently The Bookstore, which "enriched the brave depths of Broadway." Here, the author tells us, he became "prematurely poisoned"—infected, that is, with the virus of English associations. The place was "overwhelmingly and irresistibly English, as not less tonically English was our principal host there, with whom we had, moreover, my father and I, thanks to his office, such personal and genial relations that I recall seeing him grace our board at home, in company with his wife, whose vocal strains and complexion and coiffure and flounces I found none the less informing, none the less 'racial' for my not being then versed in the language of analysis." And the influence was strengthened by the conversational references of his parents to a happy time spent in and about London, creating, we gather, one of those vivid conceptions of the unknown.

Again we become clearly aware of a step in the author's development, in a passage describing a youthful attendance at a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—"where the point exactly was that we attended the spectacle just in order *not* to be beguiled, just in order to enjoy with ironic detachment, and, at the very most, to be amused ourselves at our sensibility, should it prove to have been trapped and caught."

There are, moreover, in the book some rather finely substantial descriptions of character—we catch a satisfactory glimpse of General Winfield Scott, and Thackeray fairly materializes before us for an instant none too long. No one can read the narrative without encountering some delightful realizations of feeling or point of view, as in the following scrap of child psychology, which has reference to a group of generally orphaned cousins: "I think my first childish conception of the enviable lot, formed amid these associations, was to be so little fathered or mothered, so little sunk in the short range, that the romance of life seemed to lie in some constant improvisation by vague overhovering authorities of new situations and horizons."

But in general the author's method is not such as to lead to pleasurable realizations. It seems, indeed, less sympathetic than dryly scientific, producing, by an inevitable process, impressions faint and painfully exact, without further aim or significance; so that in the end we are in the strange condition of not being able to tell what we have learned, or gained, by reading the book, without quoting it entire.

NOTE.—Through an inadvertence in the May issue of the REVIEW, Paul E. More's *The Drift of Romanticism*, VIII. Shelburne Essays, was noted as published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It should read Houghton, Mifflin Company.

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